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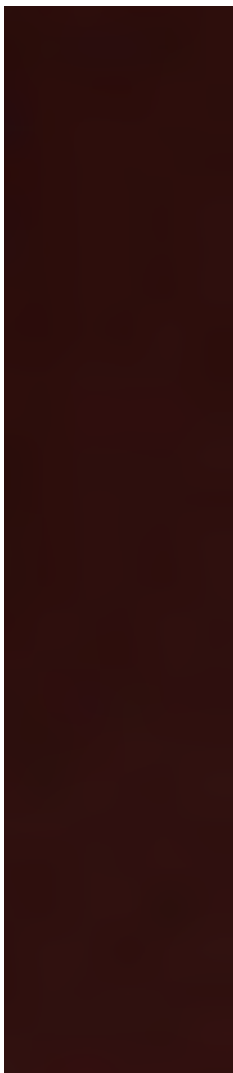
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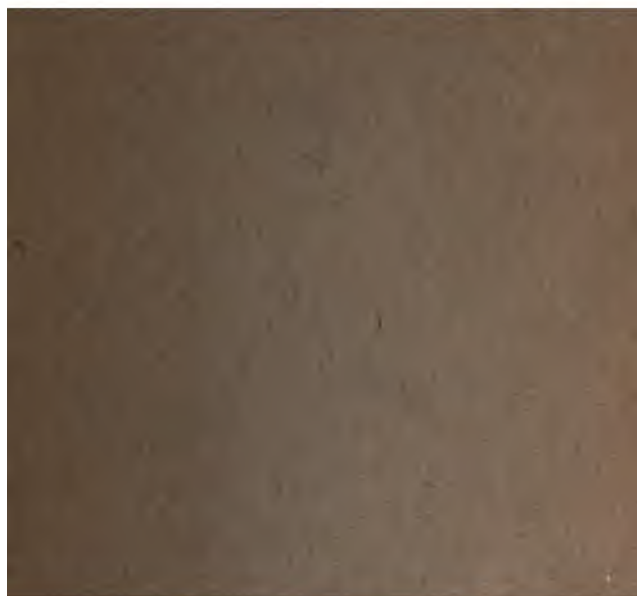




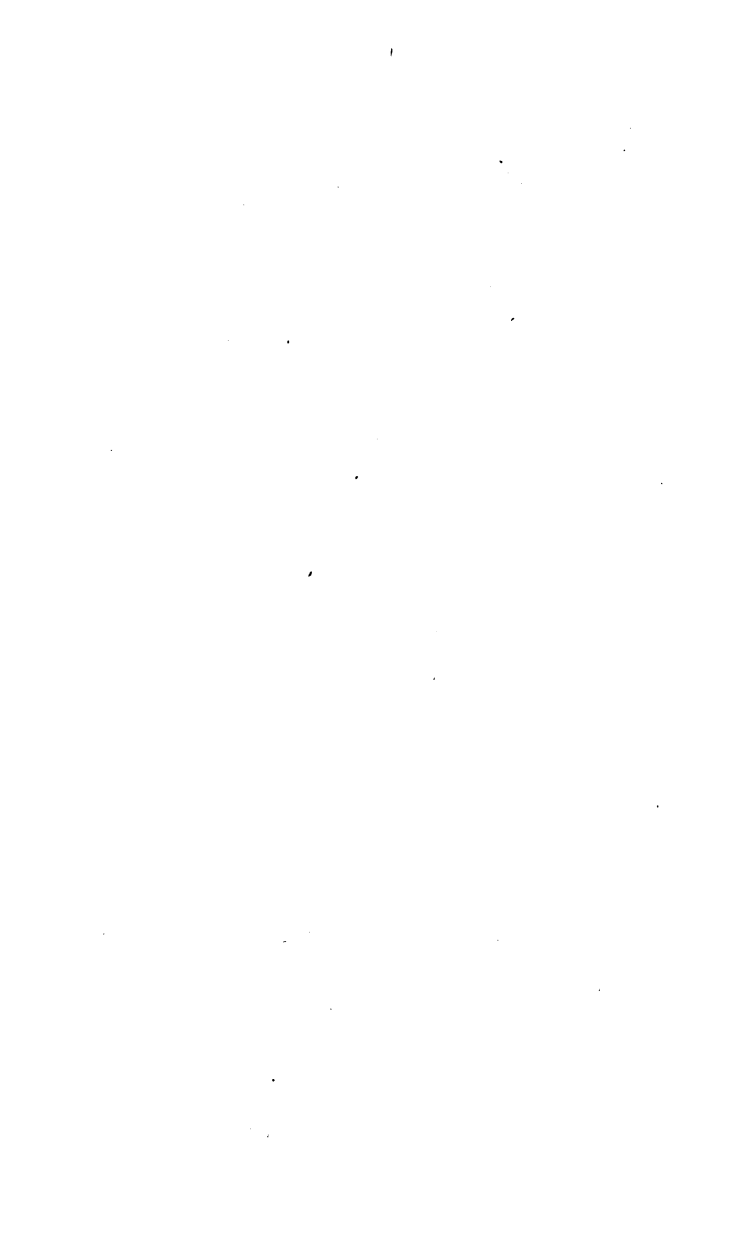
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"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."

THE
COMIC ANNUAL.

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



A RACE TO BE FIRST FIDDLE.

Second Edition.

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TO
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH,

A Monarch

SO TRULY ANXIOUS TO PROMOTE THE HAPPINESS OF HIS
SUBJECTS,

THIS VOLUME,
INTENDED TO ADD TO THEIR CHEERFULNESS,

IS DEDICATED,

WITH GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

BY

THE HEAD, HAND, AND HEART,

OF

HIS MAJESTY'S MOST GRATEFUL

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THOMAS HOOD.



PREFACE.

IT is with sincere gratification that I proclaim, for the third time, the banns between this Annual and the Public ; for when a work has thus been regularly “asked out,” there seems a likelihood that the reader intends to cleave unto it for the future. I am duly sensible of the distinction. The late Dr. Gregory, in his *Legacy*, has said, that a female ought to be ready to bestow her affection on an admirer, out of mere gratitude for his preference ; and on the same principle the Comic feels, and begs to acknowledge, quite a passion for the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general.

It would be a vanity—for persons may be as vain of their modesty as of any other quality—to affect much diffidence or timidity on a third appearance. As recommended by the Board of Health, I discard anxiety and keep up my spirits, trusting sanguinely to the favourableness of the present season for the present volume. Between the Reform Bill and the Cholera, the public has been so drugged by the House of Commons and Doctors' Commons, that figures of speech, neither political nor medical, must come as figures in high relief. Accordingly, by the advice of Sir Henry Hallford and my Publisher, I have added five hundred copies to my impression; and if these should hereafter be left on the shelf, I shall be consoled for the private loss by the public gain—supposing, of course, that the one hundred and ninety-nine Lords will have taken the warning of “BILL-STICKERS BEWARE!” and that the Indian pest shall be obliterated by that Indian rubber, Mahomed of Brighton.



DOCTORS' COMMONS.



I am happy to say, that this year I have no occasion to complain of my contemporaries. The Falstaff that attempted to "Burke" me last year, is himself a subject for the Coroner; and the Offering seems remorsefully to have swallowed its own laudanum. The Humourist, it is true, is out of humour; but not with me; so that there are hopes, for the future, that between the Comics there will be no serious misunderstanding.

To prevent any other misapprehensions, it may be as well to state, that the article called "Domestic Didactics," is by no means intended as a quiz on the Attempts at Rhyme by an Old Servant of Dr. Southey; but only as a wholesome warning, after the manner of Dean Swift, to footmen in general, against their courtship of the Nine, when they may be wanted by ten; and of the absurdity of their setting out for Parnassus, when they are required to attend at Almack's or the Italian Opera. In the same manner, the

author of "An Assent to the Summit of Mount Blank," might be supposed to have been a servant of E. B. Wilbraham, Esq.; whereas, not to mention the internal evidence of the blue and silver livery, the reader of that gentleman's account, in the Keepsake, will remember that no followers are mentioned,—except the guides.

Having thus explained, I respectfully make my bow, and tender my Christmas Present for the present Christmas.



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THE COMIC ANNUAL.



A PASTORALE IN A FLAT.

THE PUGSLEY PAPERS.

How the following correspondence came into my hands must remain a Waverley mystery. The Pugsley Papers were neither rescued from a garret, like the Evelyn,—collected from cartridges

like the Culloden,—nor saved, like the Garrick, from being shredded into a snow storm at a Winter Theatre. They were not snatched from a tailor's shears, like the original parchment of Magna Charta. They were neither the Legacy of a Dominie, nor the communications of My Landlord,—a consignment, like the Clinker Letters, from some Rev. Jonathan Dustwich,—nor the waifs and strays of a Twopenny Post Bag. They were not unrolled from ancient papyri. They were none of those that “line trunks, clothe spices,” or paper the walls of old attics. They were neither given to me nor sold to me,—nor stolen,—nor borrowed and surreptitiously copied,—nor left in a hackney coach, like Sheridan's play,—nor misdelivered by a carrier pigeon,—nor dreamt of, like Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*,—nor turned up in the Tower, like Milton's *Foundling MS.*,—nor dug up,—nor trumped up, like the eastern tales of *Horam harum Horam* the son of *Asmar*,—nor brought over by Rammohun Roy,—nor translated by Doctor Bowring from the Scandinavian, Bata-

vian, Pomeranian, Spanish, or Danish, or Russian, or Prussian, or any other language dead or living. They were not picked from the Dead Letter Office, nor purloined from the British Museum. In short, I cannot, dare not, will not, hint even at the mode of their acquisition; the reader must be content to know, that, in point of authenticity, the Pugsley Papers are the extreme reverse of Lady L.'s celebrated Autographs, which were all written by the proprietor.

No. I.

*From Master RICHARD PUGSLEY, to Master ROBERT
ROGERS, at Number 132, Barbican.*

DEAR BOB,

Huzza! — Here I am in Lincolnshire! It's good-bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels, Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will,

and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're

going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds' nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by

firing it off. Don't forget some bird lime, Bob—and some fish hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints,—some May flies,—and a powder horn,—and a landing net and a dog-whistle—and some porcupine quills, and a bullet mould—and a trolling-winch, and a shot-belt and a tin can. You pay for 'em, Bob, and I'll owe it you.

Your old friend and schoolfellow,

RICHARD PUGSLEY.

NO. II.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAR BOB,

When you come, bring us a 'bacco-pipe to load the gun with. If you don't come, it can come by the waggon. Our Public House is three mile off, and when you've walked there it's out of every thing.

Yours, &c.

RICH. PUGSLEY.

No. III.

From Miss ANASTASIA PUGSLEY, to Miss JEMIMA MOGGRIDGE, at Gregory House Establishment for Young Ladies, Mile End.

MY DEAR JEMIMA,

Deeply solicitous to gratify sensibility, by sympathising with our fortuitous elevation, I seize the epistolary implements to inform you, that by the testamentary disposition of a remote branch of consanguinity, our tutelary residence is removed from the metropolitan horizon to a pastoral district, and its congenial pursuits. In futurity I shall be more pertinaciously superstitious in the astrological revelations of human destiny. You remember the mysterious gypsey at Hornsey Wood?—Well, the eventful fortune she obscurely intimated, though couched in vague terms, has come to pass in minutest particulars; for I perceive perspicuously, that it predicted that papa should sell off his boot and shoe business at 133, Barbican, to Clack & Son, of 144, Hatton Garden, and that we should retire, in a station of affluence, to Middlefen Hall, in

Lincolnshire, by bequest of our great-great maternal uncle, Pollexfen Goldsworthy Wrigglesworth, Esq., who deceased suddenly of apoplexy, at Wisbeach Market, in the ninety-third year of his venerable and lamented age.

At the risk of tedium I will attempt a cursory delineation of our rural paradise, altho' I feel it would be morally arduous, to give any idea of the romantic scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens. Conceive, as far as the visual organ expands, an immense sequestered level, abundantly irrigated with minute rivulets, and studded with tufted oaks, whilst more than a hundred wind-mills diversify the prospect and give a revolving animation to the scene. As for our own gardens and grounds they are a perfect Vauxhall—excepting of course, the rotunda, the orchestra, the company, the variegated lamps, the fire-works, and those very lofty trees. But I trust my dear Jemima will supersede topography by ocular inspection ; and in the interim I send for acceptance a graphical view of the locality, shaded in Indian ink, which will suffice to convey





CINDERELLA.

an idea of the terrestrial verdure and celestial azure, we enjoy in lieu of the sable exhalations and architectural nigritude of the metropolis.

You who know my pastoral aspirings, and have been the indulgent confidant of my votive tributes to the Muses, will conceive the refined nature of my enjoyment when I mention the intellectual repast of this morning. I never could enjoy Bloomfield in Barbican,—but to-day he read beautifully under our pear-tree. I look forward to the felicity of reading Thomson's Summer with you on the green seat; and if engagements at Christmas permit your participation in the bard, there is a bower of evergreens that will be delightful for the perusal of his Winter.

I enclose, by request, an epistolary effusion from sister Dorothy, which I know will provoke your risible powers, by the domesticity of its details. You know she was always in the homely characteristics a perfect Cinderella, though I doubt whether even supernatural agency could adapt her foot to a diminutive vitrified slipper, or her

hand for a prince of regal primogeniture. But I am summoned to receive, with family members, the felicitations of Lincolnshire aristocracy ; though whatever necessary distinctions may prospectively occur between respective grades in life, they will only superficially affect the sentiments of eternal friendship between my dear Jemima and her affectionate friend,

ANASTASIA PUGSLEY.

No. IV.

From Miss DOROTHY PUGSLEY to the Same.

MY DEAR MISS JEMIMA,

Providence having been pleased to remove my domestic duties from Barbican to Lincolnshire, I trust I shall have strength of constitution to fulfil them as becomes my new allotted line of life. As we are not sent into this world to be idle, and Anastasia has declined housewifery, I have undertaken the Dairy, and the Brewery, and the Baking, and the Poultry, the Pigs and the Pastry,—and though I feel fatigued at first, use reconciles to labours and trials, more severe

than I at present enjoy. Altho' things may not turn out to wish at present, yet all well-directed efforts are sure to meet reward in the end, and altho' I have chumped and churned two days running, and it's nothing yet but curds and whey, I should be wrong to despair of eating butter of my own making before I die. Considering the adulteration committed by every article in London, I was never happier in any prospect, than of drinking my own milk, fattening my own calves, and laying my own eggs. We cackle so much I am sure we new-lay some where, tho' I cannot find out our nests; and I am looking every day to have chickens, as one pepper-and-salt-coloured hen has been sitting these two months. When a poor ignorant bird sets me such an example of patience, how can I repine at the hardest domestic drudgery! Mother and I have worked like horses to be sure, ever since we came to the estate; but if we die in it, we know it's for the good of the family, and to agreeably surprise my Father, who is still in

town winding up his books. For my own part, if it was right to look at things so selfishly, I should say I never was so happy in my life; though I own I have cried more since coming here than I ever remember before. You will confess my crosses and losses have been unusual trials, when I tell you, out of all my makings, and bakings, and brewings, and preservings, there has been nothing either eatable or drinkable; and what is more painful to an affectionate mind,—have half poisoned the whole family with home-made ketchup of toadstools, by mistake for mushrooms. When I reflect that they are preserved, I ought not to grieve about my damsons and bullases, done by Mrs. Maria Dover's receipt.

Among other things we came into a beautiful closet of old China, which, I am shocked to say, is all destroyed by my preserving. The bullases and damsons fomented, and blew up a great jar with a violent shock that smashed all the tea and coffee cups, and left nothing but the handles hanging in rows on the tenter-hooks. But to a

resigned spirit there's always some comfort in calamities, and if the preserves work and foment so, there's some hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper; but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time.

I mean to attempt cream cheese as soon as we can get cream,—but as yet we can't drive the Cows home to be milked for the Bull—he has twice hunted Grace and me into fits, and kept my poor Mother a whole morning in the pigstye. As I know you like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of my fresh butter when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese as soon as I can get one to stick together. I shall send also some family pork for Governess, of our own killing, as we wring a pig's neck on Saturday. I did hope to give you the unexpected treat of a home-made loaf, but it was forgot in the oven from ten to

six, and so too black to offer. However, I hope to surprise you with one by Monday's carrier. Anastasia bids me add she will send a nosegay for respected Mrs. Tombleson, if the plants don't die off before, which I am sorry to say is not improbable.

It's really shocking to see the failure of her cultivated taste, and one in particular, that must be owned a very pretty idea. When we came, there was a vast number of flower roots, but jumbled without any regular order, till Anastasia trowelled them all up, and set them in again, in the quadrille figures. It must have looked sweetly elegant, if it had agreed with them, but they have all dwindled and drooped like deep declines and consumptions. Her dahlias and tulips too have turned out nothing but onions and kidney potatoes, and her ten week stocks have not come up in twenty. But as Shakspeare says, Adversity is a precious toad,—that teaches us Patience is a jewel.

Considering the unsettled state of coming in,



VERY FOND OF GARDENING.



I must conclude, but could not resist giving your friendliness a short account of the happy change that has occurred, and our increase of comforts. I would write more, but I know you will excuse my listening to the calls of dumb animals. It's the time I always scald the little pigs' bread and milks, and put saucers of clean water for the ducks and geese. There are the fowls' beds to make with fresh straw, and a hundred similar things that country people are obliged to think of.

The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale; perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of every thing we had directly we came

down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

Dear Miss Jemima's affectionate friend,

DOROTHY PUGSLEY.

No. V.

From MRS. PUGSLEY to MRS. MUMFORD, Bucklersbury.

MY DEAR MARTHA,

IN my ultimatum I informed of old Wrigglesworth paying his natural debts, and of the whole Middlefen estate coming from Lincolnshire to Barbican. I charged Mr. P. to send bulletings into you with progressive reports, but between sisters, as I know you are very curious, I am going to make myself more particular. I take the opportunity of the family being all restive in bed, and the house all still, to give an account of our moving. The things all got here safe, with the exception of the Crockery and Glass, which came down with the dresser, about an hour after its arrival. Perhaps if we hadn't overloaded

it with the whole of our breakables, it wouldn't have given way,—as it is, we have only one plate left, and that's chipt, and a mug without a spout to keep it in countenance. Our furniture, &c., came by the waggon, and I am sorry to say a poor family at the same time, and the little idle boys with their knives have carved and scarified my rosewood legs, and what is worse, not of the same patterns: but as people say, two Lincolnshire removes are as bad as a fire of London.

The first thing I did on coming down, was to see to the sweeps going up,—but I wish I had been less precipitous, for the suttly wretches stole four good flitches of bacon, as was up the kitchen chimbley, quite unbeknown to me. We have filled up the vacancy with more, which smoke us dreadfully, but what is to be cured must be endured. My next thing was to have all holes and corners cleared out, and washed, and scrubbed, being left, like bachelor's places, in a sad state by old single W.; for a rich man, I never saw one that wanted so much cleaning out. There were heaps

of dung about, as high as haystacks, and it cost me five shillings a load to have it all carted off the premises; besides heaps of good-for-nothing littering straw, that I gave to the boys for bonfires. We are not all to rights yet, but Rome wasn't built in St. Thomas's day.

It was providential I hampered myself with cold provisions, for except the bacon there were no eatables in the house. What old W. lived upon is a mystery, except sallads, for we found a whole field of beet-root, which, all but a few plants for Dorothy to pickle, I had chucked away. As the ground was then clear for sowing up a crop, I directed George to plough it up, but he met with agricultural distress. He says as soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose in the earth, and tumbled over head and heels. It seems very odd when ploughing is so easy to look at, but I trust he will do better in time. Experience makes a King Solomon of a Tom noddy.

I expect we shall have bushels upon bushels of corn, tho' sadly pecked by the birds, as I have



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

had all the scarecrows taken down for fear of the children dreaming of them for Bogies. For the same dear little sakes I have had the well filled up, and the nasty sharp iron spikes drawn out of all the rakes and harrows. Nobody shall say to my teeth, I am not a good Mother. With these precautions I trust the young ones will enjoy the country when the gypsies have left, but till then, I confine them to round the house, as its no use shutting the stable door after you've had a child stole.

We have a good many fine fields of hay, which I mean to have reaped directly, wet or shine ; for delays are as dangerous as pickles in glazed pans. Perhaps St. Swithin's is in our favour, for if the stacks are put up dampish they won't catch fire so easily, if Swing should come into these parts. The poor boys have made themselves very industrious in shooting off the birds, and hunting away all the vermin, besides cutting down trees. As I knew it was profitable to fell timber, I directed them to begin with a very ugly straggling old hollow tree next the premises, but it fell the wrong

way, and knocked down the cow-house. Luckily the poor animals were all in the clover-field at the time. George says it wouldn't have happened, but for a violent sow, or rather sow-west,—and its likely enough, but its an ill wind that blows nothing to nobody.

Having writ last post to Mr. P., I have no occasion to make you a country commissioner. Anastasia, indeed, wants to have books about every thing, but for my part and Dorothy's, we don't put much faith in authorized receipts and directions, but trust more to nature and common sense. For instance, in fatting a goose, reason points to sage and onions,—why our own don't thrive on it, is very mysterious. We have a beautiful poultry yard, only infested with rats,—but I have made up a poison, that I know by the poor ducks, will kill them if they eat it.

I expected to send you a quantity of wall-fruit, for preserving, and am sorry you bought the brandy beforehand, as it has all vanished in one night by picking and stealing, notwithstanding I had ten dozen of bottles broke on purpose to



WALL FRUIT.

stick a-top of the wall. But I rather think they came over the pales, as George, who is very thoughtless, had driven in all the new tenter hooks with the points downwards. Our apples and pears would have gone too, but luckily we heard a noise in the dark, and threw brickbats out of window, that alarmed the thieves by smashing the cucumber frames. However, I mean on Monday to make sure of the orchard, by gathering the trees,—a pheasant in one's hand is worth two cock sparrows in a bush. One comfort is, the house-dog is very vicious, and won't let any of us stir in or out after dark—indeed, nothing can be more furious, except the bull, and at me in particular. You would think he knew my inward thoughts, and that I intend to have him roasted whole when we give our grand house-warming regalia.

With these particulars, I remain, with love,

My dear Dorcas,

Your affectionate sister,

BELINDA PUGSLEY.

P. S.—I have only one anxiety here, and that is, the likelihood of being taken violently ill, nine miles off from any physical powers, with nobody that can ride in the house, and nothing but an insurmountable hunting horse in the stable. I should like, therefore, to be well doctor-stuff'd from Apothecaries' Hall, by the waggon or any other vehicle. A stitch in the side taken in time saves nine spasms. Dorothy's tincture of the rhubarb stalks in the garden, doesn't answer, and its a pity now they were not saved for pies.

No. VI.

From Mrs. PUGSLEY to Mrs. ROGERS.

MADAM,

Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case; I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertizement in the *Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffec-



A COOLNESS BETWEEN FRIENDS.



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tual dragging of New River,—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well,—having arrived here on Saturday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gypsies, and we haven't an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam,

Your humble Servant,

BELINDA PUGSLEY.

No. VII.

To Mr. SILAS PUGSLEY, Parisian Dépôt, Shoreditch.

DEAR BROTHER,

My favour of the present date, is to advise of my safe arrival on Wednesday night, per opposition coach, after ninety miles of discomfort,

absolutely unrivalled for cheapness, and a walk of five miles more, through lanes and roads, that for dirt and sludge may confidently defy competition,—not to mention turnings and windings, too numerous to particularize, but morally impossible to pursue on undeviating principles. The night was of so dark a quality as forbade finding the gate, but for the house-dog flying upon me by mistake for the late respectable proprietor, and almost tearing my clothes off my back by his strenuous exertions to obtain the favour of my patronage.

Conscientiously averse to the fallacious statements, so much indulged in by various competitors, truth urges to acknowledge that on arrival, I did not find things on such a footing as to ensure universal satisfaction. Mrs. P., indeed, differs in her statement, but you know her success always surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Ever emulous to merit commendation by the strictest regard to principles of economy, I found her laid up with lumbago, through her studious efforts to please, and Doctor Clarke of Wisbeach in the



RÖDE'S VARIATIONS.



house prescribing for it, but I am sorry to add—no abatement. Dorothy is also confined to her bed, by her unremitting assiduity and attention in the housekeeping line, and Anastasia the same, from listening for nightingales, on a fine July evening, but which is an article not always to be warranted to keep its virtue in any climate,—the other children, large and small sizes, ditto ditto, with Grace too ill to serve in the nursery,—and the rest of the servants totally unable to execute such extensive demands. Such an unprecedented depreciation in health makes me doubt the quality of country air, so much recommended for family use, and whether constitutions have not more eligibility to offer that have been regularly town-made.

Our new residence is a large lonely Mansion, with no connexion with any other house, but standing in the heart of Lincolnshire fens, over which it looks through an advantageous opening: comprising a great variety of windmills, and drains, and willow-pollards, and an extensive assortment of

similar articles, that are not much calculated to invite inspection. In warehouses for corn, &c., it probably presents unusual advantages to the occupier, but candour compels to state that agriculture in this part of Lincolnshire is very flat. To supply language on the most moderate terms, unexampled distress in Spitalfields is nothing to the distress in ours. The corn has been deluged with rain of remarkable durability, without being able to wash the smut out of its ears; and with regard to the expected great rise in hay, our stacks have been burnt down to the ground, instead of going to the consumer. If the hounds hadn't been out, we might have fetch'd the engines, but the hunter threw George on his head, and he only revived to be sensible that the entire stock had been disposed of at an immense sacrifice. The whole amount I fear will be out of book,—as the Norwich Union refuses to liquidate the hay on the ground that the policy was voided by the impolicy of putting it up wet. In other articles I am sorry I must write no alteration. Our bull, after killing the house-dog, and



HEY-DAY !



tossing William, has gone wild and had the madness to run away from his livelihood, and what is worse, all the cows after him—except those that had burst themselves in the clover field, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound. Another item, the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns—as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto. Sedulously cultivating an enlarged connexion in the Turkey line, such the antipathy to gypsies, the whole breed, geese and ducks inclusive, removed themselves from the premises by night, directly a strolling camp came and set up in the neighbourhood. To avoid prolixity, when I came to take stock there was no stock to take—namely, no eggs, no butter, no cheese, no corn, no hay, no bread, no beer—no water even—nothing but the mere commodious premises, and fixtures, and goodwill—and candour compels to add, a very small quantity on hand of the last named particular.

To add to stagnation, neither of my two sons in the business nor the two apprentices have been so

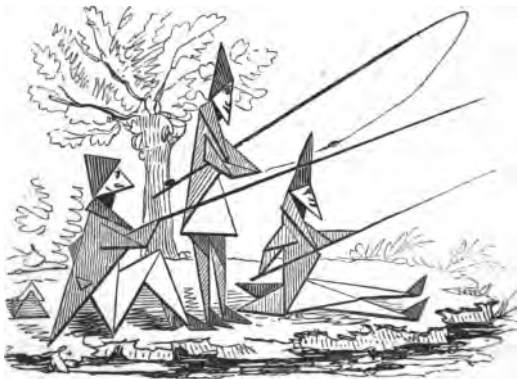
diligently punctual in executing country orders with dispatch and fidelity, as laudable ambition desires, but have gone about fishing and shooting—and William has suffered a loss of three fingers, by his unvarying system of high charges. He and Richard are likewise both threatened with prosecution for trespassing on the Hares in the adjoining landed interest, and Nick is obliged to decline any active share, by dislocating his shoulder in climbing a tall tree for a tom-tit. As for George, tho' for the first time beyond the circumscribed limits of town custom, he indulges vanity in such unqualified pretensions to superiority of knowledge in farming, on the strength of his grandfather having belonged to the agricultural line of trade, as renders a wholesale stock of patience barely adequate to meet its demands. Thus stimulated to injudicious performance he is as injurious to the best interests of the country, as blight and mildew, and smut and rot, and glanders, and pip, all combined in one texture. Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so

much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Marter at the old established House. If Clack & Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho' the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and Family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment—and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to the continent. Example suggests likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds—and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c., it will be best to say—"The Stock to be taken as it stands;"—and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully ac-

knowledge, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the waggon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

P.S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities among the desirable items.



TRIANGLERS.





FANCY PORTRAIT :—THE LORD MAYOR.

RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]

O CURIOUS reader didst thou ne'er
Behold a Worshipful Lord May'r
Seated in his great civic chair

So dear ?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey

One here !

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant ; but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate

Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chill'd by the next November blast ;
His blushing honours only last

One year !

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moults till not a plume remains—
The next impending May'r distrains
His gear.

He slips, like water, through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendour live
Another twelvemonth—he would give
One ear!



"Come like shadows so depart.
Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—*Old Proverb.*

"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."

Falconer's Marine Guide.

I.

MY hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
 And reckon'd rather bright;
 I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
 And just the proper height;
 My skin has been admired in verse,
 And called as fair as day—
 If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
 I'm going to Bombay!

D

II.

At school I passed with some éclat ;
I learn'd my French in France ;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance ;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay !

III.

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay !

IV.

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

V.

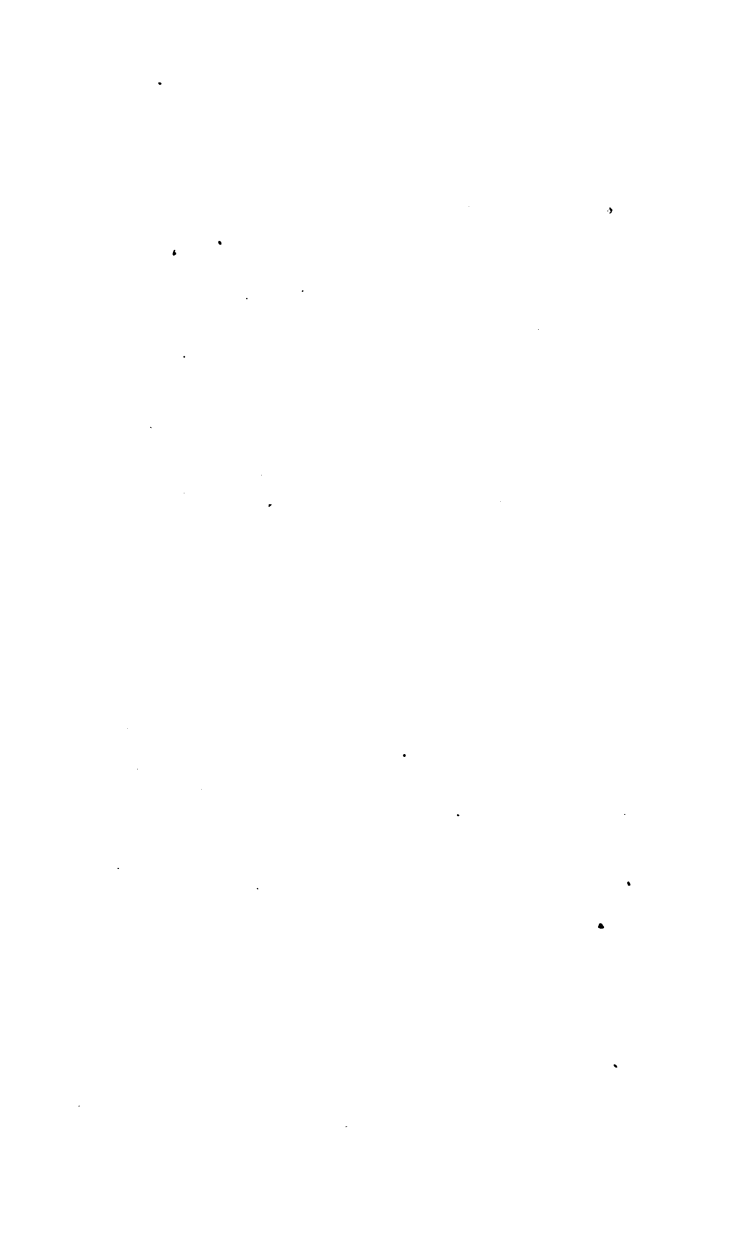
My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.—
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

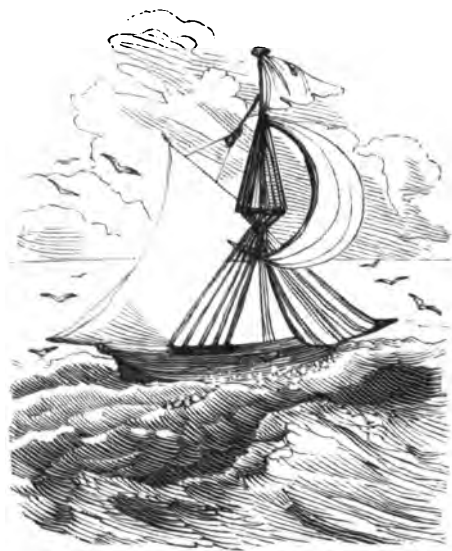
VI.

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!





"SHE WALKS THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE."

VIII.

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them !
And oh, what costs a sadder tear,
Good bye, to Mr. M !—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay !

IX.

That fine new teak built ship, the Fox,
A.I.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third ;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay !

X.

My heart is full—my trunks as well ;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup ;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special licence in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay !



"THE COURT OF AN INDIAN PRINCE."



THE COURT OF CHANCE—.

BAILEY BALLADS.

To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or W. F. N.—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of Songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not

sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea Captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill Corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster roll without butter was called over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Nonjurors,—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The Publishers of “Curtis on the Ear” and “Wright on the Ear”—(two

popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me,—committing me to the relay-box, as a Juror in Waiting,—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage.

The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be,—in the Strand,—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful Dedication to the learned Serjeant.

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE. FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believ'd you true,
And I was blest in so believing ;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving !

Oh ! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never own'd you were transported !

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfer'd lace—
And Flints had suffer'd from your stealing !



“DESCEND YE NINE”!



Or when my suit I first preferr'd,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence !

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction !

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-finger'd !

In melting verse, your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas ! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted* !

Oh ! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,

I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too

You said you pick'd me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocke

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Doctor Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout “Old Bailey?”

But when you robed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies*?

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were your's, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—“O Bay of Botany

But, oh,—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!

No. II.

“ Love, with a witness ! ”

He has shav'd off his whiskers and blacken'd his
brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it's him—Oh it's him!—we exchanged lovers'
vows,
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he look'd, when he came,
To make love in his Master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told ;
How he lov'd me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold !

When he kiss'd me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons !



STOP HIM !

No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—BAILEY.

WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had
done me—

I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me ;
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was
unalter'd,

I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned
legs falter'd.

I wore my bran new boots—and unrivall'd their
brightness,

They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness !
I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my
leather !

And once again we met—and an old pal was near
him,

He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to
fear him,

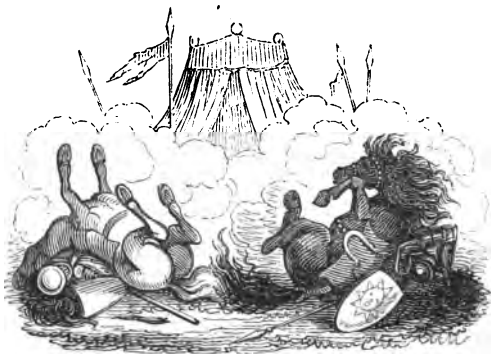
I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
And stept—as he deserv'd—to cells wretched and
lonely :

And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er
receive her,

The watch that went too sure for an artful de-
ceiver ;

The world may think me gay,—heart and feet ache
together,

Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my
leather.



“ ’TWERE WELL IF WE HAD NEVER MET.”





TOO COLD TO BEAR.

AN ASSENT TO THE SUMMUT OF MOUNT BLANK.

It was on the 1st of Augst,—I remember by my wags cumming dew, and I wanted to be riz,—that Me and master maid our minds up to the Mounting. I find Master as oppend an account with the Keep Sack—but as that is a cut abov, and rit in by only Lords and Laddies, I am redeuced to a Peer in the pagis of the Comick Anual—Mr H giving leaves.

Wile we waited at Sham Money, our minds sevral tims misgiv, but considrring only twelve Gentelmen and never a footmun had bin up, we determind to make ourselves particler, and so highered gides to sho us up. For a long tim the whether was dout full weather—first it snew—then

thew—and then friz—and that was most agreeabil for a tempting. The first thing I did was to change my blew and wite livry, as I gwest we shood hav enuf of blew and wite on the mount-ing—but put on a dred nort for fear of every thing—takin care to hav my pokets well cramd with sand witches, and, as proved arterwards, they broke my falls verry much when I slipd on my bred and ams. The land Lord was so kind as lend me His green gaws tap room blind for my eyes, and I recumend no boddy to go up any Snow-hill without green vales—for the hice dazls like winkin. Sum of the gides wanted me to ware a sort of crimpt skaits,—but thoght my feet would be the stifer for a cramp on—and declind binding any think xcept my list garters round my Shews. I did all this by advize of John Mary Cuthay the Chief Gide, who had bin 8 tims up to every think. Thus a tired we sit out, on our feat, like Capting Paris, with our Nor poles in our hands,—Master in verry good sperrits, and has for me I was quit ellivatted to think what a figger the Summut

of Mount Blank wood cut down the airys of Portland Plaice.

Arter sliping and slidding for ours, we cum to the first principle Glazier. To give a correct no-shun, let any won suppose a man in fustions with a fraim and glass and puttey and a dimond pensel, and it's quit the revers of that. It's the sam with the Mare of Glass. If you dont think of a mare or any think maid of glass you have it xactly. We was three ours gitting over the Glazier, and then come to the Grand Mullets, ware our beds was bespoak—that is, nothing but clean sheats of sno,—and never a warmin pan. To protect our heds we struck our poles agin the rock, with a cloath over them, but it looked like a verry litle tent to so much mounting. There we was,—all Sno with us Sollitory figgers atop. Nothink can giv the sublime idear of it but a twelf Cake.

The Gides pinted out from hear the Pick de Middy, but I was too cold to understand Frentch—and we see a real Shammy leeping, as Master sed, from scrag to scrag, and from pint to pint, for vit-

tles and drink—but to me it looked like jumpin a bout to warm him self. His springs in the middel of Winter I realy beleave as uncredible. No-think else was muving xcept Havelaunches, witch is stupendus Sno balls in high situations, as leaves their plaices without warnin, and makes a deal of mischef in howses and famlies. We shot of our pistle, but has it maid little or no noise, didnt ear the remarkbly fine ekko.

We dind at the Grand Mullets on cold foul and a shivver of am, with a little O de Colon, agen stomical panes. Wat was moor cumfortble we found haf a bottel of brandey, left behind by sum one before, and by way of return we left behind a littel crewit of Chilly Viniger for the next cummer, whoever he mite be or not. After this repass'd, we went to our sublime rests, I may say, in the Wurld's garrits, up 150 pare of stares. As faling out of Bed was dangerus, we riz a wal of stons on each side. Knowing how comfortble Master sleeps at Home, I regreted his unaccommodation, and partickly as he was verry restless, and

evry tim he stird kickd me about the Hed. I laid awack a good wile thinking how littel Farther, down in Summerset Sheer, thoght I was up in Mount Blank Sheer; but at long and last I went of like a top, and dremt of Summuts. Won may sleep on wus pillers then Nap Sacks.

Next mornin we riz erly, having still a good deal to git up, and skrambled on agin, by crivises and crax as maid our flesh crawl on hands and nees to look at. Master wanted to desend in a crack, but as he mite not git up in a crack agin, his letting himself down was unrecomended. Arter mennuy ours works, we cum to the Grand Plato. Master called it a vast Amphi-Theater; and so it is, except Du-Crow and the Horses and evry thing. Hear we brekfisted, but was sirprizd at our sto-micks not having moor hedges, Master only eting a Chickin wing, and me only eting all the rest. We had littel need to not eat,—the most uneasy part to go was to cum. In about too ours we cum to a Sno wall, up rite as high as St. Paul's; that maid us cum to an alt, and I cood not help saying out,

Wat is only too human legs to 200 feet ! Howsum-
 ever, after a bottel of Wine we was abel to proceed
 in a zig zag direxion,—the Gides axing the way,
 and cutting steps afore. After a deal of moor
 white Slavery, we sucsided in gitting up to the
 Mounting's top, and no bddy can hav a distant idea
 of it, but them as is there. Such Sno ! And ice
 enuf to serve all the Fish Mungers, and the grate
 Routs till the end of the Wurld !

I regrets my joy at cumming to the top maid me
 forget all I ment to do at it ; and in partickler to
 thro a tumble over hed and heals, as was my mane
 object in going up. Howsumever, I shall allways
 be abel to say Me and Master as bin to the Summut .
 of Mount Blank, and so has a little butterfly. I
 ought to mension the curiousness of seeing one
 there, but we did not ketch it, as it was too far
 abov us.

We dissented down in much shorter time, and
 without anny axident xcept Masters sliding telli-
 scope, witch roled of the ice. Wen we cum agin
 to Sham Money, the Land Lord askd our names to

be rit in the book, as was dun, by Mr. W. in prose,
but by me in poetry:—

“Mount Blank is very hard to be cum at,
But Me and Master as bin to its Summut.”

“JOHN JONES.”



FIGURING IN THE ALBUM OF MONT BLANC.

A PLAN FOR
WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED SIR,

In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux’s dray-horses,—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph.

“Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to

the Lord Mayor. It was evident from his preliminary bow that he had made some discoveries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate Votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring, by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the Comic Annual."

The unfortunate, above referred to, Sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a 10*l.* one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the Editor of the Comic Annual, I am indebted solely to the assumption of the Gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschell, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon, or rather, I should say, with Columbus,—my invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse.

To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from one sole reason,—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of “Prize,” prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in—I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the *Paradise Lost*, the *Task*, the *Chase*, or the *Seasons*,—the *Winter* especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of *Salisbury steeple*, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will “do as

it likes with its own," and sound as independently of the next as, "milkmaid," and "water-carrier." I have the honour to subjoin a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr. Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of *Paradise Lost* on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on,

Respected Sir,

Your most obliged, and

Humble Servant,

* * * * *

A Docturnal Sketch.

Even is come ; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun !
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span ;

Or, in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frighten'd by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, " No go !"
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—" drat that cat !"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly ;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,



A-LAD-IN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.



Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears — what faith is man's — Ann's
bann's

And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows'
woes!



WHITE FAVOURS.

THE ILLUMINATI.

“ Light, I say, light ! ”—OTHELLO.

THOSE who have peeped into the portfolios of Mr. Geoffrey Crayon, will easily remember his graphic sketches of a locality called Little Britain—and his amusing portraits of its two leading families, the Lambs and the Trotters. I imagine the deserved popularity of the draughtsman made him much in request at routes, soirées, and conversazioni, or so acute an observer would not have failed to notice a nocturnal characteristic of the same neighbourhood,—I mean the frequent and alarming glares of light that illuminate its firmament; but in spite of which, no parish engine rumbles down the steps of St. Botolph,—the fire ladders hang undisturbed in their chains, and the turn-cock smokes placidly in the tap-room of

the Rose and Crown. For this remarkable apathy, my own more domestic habits enable me to account.

It is the fortune, or misfortune, of the house where I lodge, to confront that of Mr. Wix, "Wax and Tallow Chandler to his Majesty;" and certainly no individual ever burned so much to evince his loyalty. He and his windows are always framing an excuse for an illumination.

The kindling aptitude ascribed to Eupyrions, and Lucifers, and Chlorate Matches, is nothing to his. Contrary to Hoyle's rules for loo,—a single court card is sufficient with him for "a blaze." He knows and keeps the birthdays of all royal personages, and shows by tallow in tins how they wax in years. As sure as the Park guns go off in the morning, he fires his six-pounders in the evening—as sure as a newsman's horn is sounded in the street, it blows the same spark into a flame.—In some cases his inflammability was such, he has been known to ignite, and exhibit fire, where he should have shed water. He was once—it is still

a local joke—within an ace of rejoicing at Marr's Murder.

During the long War he was really a nuisance, and what is worse, not indictable. For one not unused to the melting mood, he was strangely given to rejoicing. Other people were content to light up for the great victories, but he commemorated the slightest skirmishes. In civil events the same, whether favorable to whig or tory. Like the lover of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, he divided his flame between them.—He lighted when the administration of the Duke of Wellington came in, and he lighted when it went out,—in short, it seemed, as with the Roman Catholics, that candle-burning was a part of his religion, and that he had got his religion itself from an illuminated missal.

To aggravate this propensity, Mr. Sperm, the great oil merchant, lives nearly opposite to Mr. Wix, and his principle and his interest coincide exactly with those of his neighbour. Mr. Sperm possesses a very large star,—and, like certain managers, he brings it forward as often as he can.

He is quite as lax in his political creed as the chandler, and will light up on the lightest occasions,—for instance, let there be but a peal of bells, and the Genius of the Ring directly invokes the Genius of the Lamp. In short, Mr. Wix and Mr. Sperm both resemble the same thing—a merchantman getting rid of goods by means of lighters.

As the other inhabitants do not always choose to follow the example of these two—I have known our illuminations to be very select—the great oil and tallow establishments blazing all alone in their glory. On other occasions—for instance, the rejoicings for that Bill which Lord L. calls a Bill of Panes and Penalties—I have seen our street assume the motley appearance of a chessboard, alternately dark and bright—to say nothing of Mrs. Frampton's lodging-house, where every tenant was of a different sentiment,—and the several floors afforded a striking example of the Clare Obscure.

Among general illuminations, I remember none more so than the one on the accession of his present Majesty—but what so universally brightened the

Great Britain might be expected to light the Little one. It was in reality an unrivalled exhibition of its kind, and I propose therefore to give some account of it, the situation of my apartment having afforded unusual opportunities—for it is at the angle of a corner house—and thus while its easterly windows stare into those of the Rumbold family, its northern ones squint aside into the sashes of that elderly spinster Miss Winter.

It must have been an extreme fit of loyalty that put such a thought into the penurious mind of Miss W., but she resolved for once in her life to illuminate. I could see her at a large dining-table—so called by courtesy, for it never dined—reviewing a regiment of glass custard cups, so called also by courtesy, for they never held custard—and another division of tall jelly glasses, equally unknown to jellies. I might have thought that she meant for once to give a very light supper, had I not seen her fill them all with oil from a little tin can, and afterwards she furnished them with a floating wick. They were then ranged on the window-frame, alter-

nately tall and short; and after this costly preparation, which, by the heaving of her neckerchief, she visibly sighed over, she folded her arms demurely before her, and, by the light of her solitary rush taper, sat down to await the extravagant call of "light up!"

The elder Miss Rumbold—the parents were out of town—was not idle in the mean time. She packed all the little R.'s off to bed—(I did not see them have any supper)—and then, having got rid of the family branches, began on the tin ones. She had fixed her head quarters in the drawing-room, from whence I saw Carloline and Henry detached, with separate parcels of tins and candles, to do the same office for the floors above and below. But no such luck! After a while, the street door gently opened, and forth sneaked the two deserters, of course to see better illuminations than their own. At the slam of the door behind them Miss Rumbold comprehended the full calamity: first, she threw up her arms, then her eyes, then clenched her teeth and then her hands; going through all the panto-

mime for distress of mind—but she had no time for grieving, and indeed but little for rejoicing. Mr. Wix's was beginning to glitter. Tearing up and down stairs like a lamplighter on his ladder, she furnished all the blank windows, and then returned to the drawing-room; and what was evidently her favourite fancy, she had completed and hung up two festoons of artificial flowers; but, alas! her stock on hand fell short a whole foot of the third window—I am afraid for want of the very bouquet in Caroline's bonnet. Removing the unfortunate garlands, she rushed out full speed, and the next moment I saw her in the story above, rapidly unpapering her curls, and making herself as fit as time allowed, to sit in state in the drawing-room, by the light of twenty-seven long-sixes.

A violent uproar now recalled my attention to number 29, where the mob had begun to call out to Miss Winter for her Northern Lights. Miss W. was at her post, and rushed with her rush to comply with the demand; but a sudden twitter of nervousness aggravating her old palsy, she could



ALL AT SIXES AND SEVENS.



not persuade her wavering taper to alight on any one of the cottons. There was a deal of coquetting indeed between wick and wick, but nothing like a mutual flame. In vain the thin lover-like candle kept hovering over its intended, and shedding tears of grease at every repulse; not a glimmer replied to its glance, till at last, weary of love and light, it fairly leaped out of its tin socket, and drowned its own twinkle in a tall jelly-glass. The patience of the mob, already of a thin texture, was torn to rags by this conclusion; they saw that if she would, Miss Winter never *could* illuminate: but as this was an unwelcome truth, they broke it to her with a volley of stones that destroyed her little Vauxhall in a moment, and in a twinkle left her nothing to twinkle with!

Shock'd at this catastrophe, I turned with some anxiety to Miss Rumbold's, but with admirable presence of mind she had lighted every alternate candle in her windows, and was thus able to present a respectable front at a short notice. The mob, however, made as much uproar as at Miss

Winter's, though the noise was different in character, and more resembled the boisterous merriment which attends upon Punch. In fact Miss Rumbold had a Fantoccini over head she little dreamt of. Awakened by the unusual light, the younger Rumbolds had rush'd from bed to the window, where, exhilarated by childish spirits and the appearance of a gala, they had got up an extempore Juvenile Ball, and were dancing with all their might in their little night-caps and night-gowns. In vain the unconscious Matilda pointed to her candles, and added her own private pair from the table to the centre window ; in vain she wrung her hands, or squeezed them on her bosom : the more she protested in dumb show, the more the mob shouted ; and the more the mob shouted, the wilder the imps jigged about. At last Matilda seem'd to take some hint ; she vanished from the drawing-room like a Ghost, and re-appeared like a Fury in the nursery—a pair of large hands vigorously flourish'd and flogg'd—the heels of the Corps de Ballet flew up higher than their heads

—the mob shouted louder than ever—and exeunt omnes.

This interlude being over, the rabble moved on to Mr. Wix's, whose every window, as usual, shone "like nine good deeds in a naughty world," and he obtained nine cheers for the display. Poor Mr. Sperm was not so fortunate. He had been struggling manfully with a sharp nor-wester to light up his star, but one obstinate limb persisted in showing which way the wind blew. It was a point not to be gained, and though far from red hot, it caused a hiss that reached even to Number 14, and frightened all the Flowerdews. Number 14, as the Clown expresses it in Twelfth Night, was "as lustrous as ebony." In vain Mrs. Flowerdew pleaded from one window, and Mr. Flowerdew harangued from the other, while Flowerdew junior hammered and tugged at the space between; the glaziers and their friends unglazed every thing; and I hope the worthy family, the next time they have a Crown and Anchor, will remember to have them the right side uppermost. Green and yellow

lamps decline to hang upon hooks that are topsy-turvy, and the blue and red are just as particular.

I forgot to say that during the past proceedings, my eyes had frequently glanced towards Number 28. Its occupier, Mr. Brookbank, was in some remote way connected with the royal household, and had openly expressed his intention of surprising Little Britain. And in truth Little Britain was surprised enough, when it beheld at Mr. Brookbank's nothing but a few sorry flambeaux: he talked to the mob, indeed, of a transparency of Peace and Plenty, but as they could see no sign of either, and they had plenty of stones, they again broke the peace. I am sorry to say that in this instance the mob were wrong, for there *was* a transparency, but as it was lighted from the outer side, Mr. B.'s Peace and Plenty smiled on nobody but himself.

There was only one more disorder, and it occurred at the very house that I help to inhabit. Not that we were dim by any means, for we had been liberal customers to Mr. Sperm and to Mr.





IGNIS FATUUS.

Wix; the tallow of one flared in all our panes, and the oil of the other fed a brilliant W P. Alas! it was these fiery initials, enigmatical as those at Belshazzar's banquet, that caused all our troubles. The million could make out the meaning of the W, but the other letter, divided in conjecture among them, was literally a split P. Curiosity increased to furiosity, and what might have happened nobody only knows, if my landlady had not proclaimed that her W had spent such a double allowance of lamps, that her R had been obliged to retrench.

To aid her oratory, the rabble were luckily attracted from our own display by a splendour greater even than usual at Number 9. The warehouseman of Mr. Wix—*like Master like Man*—had got up an illumination of his own, by leaving a firebrand among the tallow, that soon caused the breaking out of an Insurrection in Grease, and where candles had hitherto been lighted only by Retail, they were now ignited by Wholesale; or as my landlady said,—“All the fat was in the fire!”

I ventured to ask her, when all was over, what she thought of the lighting-up, and she gave me her opinion in the following sentiment, in the prayer of which I most heartily concur. "Illuminations," she said, "were very pretty things to look at, and no doubt new Kings ought to be illuminated ; but what with the toil, and what with the oil, and what with the grease, and what with the mob, she hoped it would be long, very very long, before we had a new King again!"



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—



“GOOD NIGHT!—ALL’S WELL!”



THE UNDYING ONE.

"He shall not die."—*Uncle Toby.*

I.

Of all the verses, grave or gay,
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay
At once so sweet and sour,
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christen'd "The Undying One."

II.

I'm very certain that she drew
A portrait, when she penn'd
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end:
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One.

III.

These twenty years he's been the same,
And may be twenty more ;
But Memory's Pleasures only claim
His features for a score ;
Yet in that time the change is none—
The image of th' Undying One !

IV.

They say our climate's damp and cold,
And lungs are tender things ;
My uncle's much abroad and old,
But when " King Cole " he sings,
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
Declares him an Undying One.

V.

Others have died from needle-pricks,
And very slender blows ;
From accidental slips or kicks,
Or bleedings at the nose ;
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
But he is the Undying One !





AN INN-QUEST.

VI.

A soldier once, he once endur'd
A bullet in the breast—
It might have kill'd—but only cured
An asthma on the chest :
He was not to be slain with gun,
For he is the Undying One.

VII.

In water once too long he dived,
And all supposed him beat,
He seem'd so cold—but he reviv'd
To have another heat,
Just when we thought his race was run,
And came in fresh—th' Undying One !

VIII.

To look at Meux's once he went,
And tumbled in the vat—
And greater Jobs their lives have spent
In lesser boils than that,—
He left the beer quite underdone,
No bier to the Undying One !

IX.

He's been from strangulation black,
From bile, of yellow hue,
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
From cholera morbus blue ;
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
He still is the Undying One !

X.

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
His Three per Cents to share ;
He never married in his life,
Or flirted with the fair ;
The sex he made a point to shun,
For beauty an Undying One.

XI.

To judge him by the present signs,
The future by the past,
So quick he lives, so slow declines,
The Last Man won't be last,
But buried underneath a ton
Of mould by the Undying One !

XII.

Next Friday week, his birth-day boast,
His ninetieth year he spends,
And I shall have his health to toast
Amongst expectant friends,
And wish—it really sounds like fun—
Long life to The Undying One !



MY NATIVE DAY.

THE
LIFE OF ZIMMERMANN,

(By Himself.)

“ This, this, is solitude.”—LORD BYRON.

I WAS born, I may almost say, an orphan : my Father died three months before I saw the light, and my Mother three hours after—thus I was left in the whole world alone, and an only child, for I had neither Brothers nor Sisters ; much of my after-passion for solitude might be ascribed to this cause, for I believe our tendencies date themselves from a much earlier age, or, rather, youth, than is generally imagined. It was remarked that I could go alone at nine months, and I have had an aptitude to going alone all the rest of my life. The first words I learnt to say, were “ I by myself, I”—

or thou—or he—or she—or it—but I was a long time before I could pronounce any personals in the plural; my little games and habits were equally singular. I was fond of playing at Solitary or at Patience, or another game of cards of my own invention, namely, whist, with *three* dummies. Of books, my favorite was Robinson Crusoe, especially the first part, for I was not fond of the intrusion of Friday, and thought the natives really were Savages to spoil such a solitude. At ten years of age I was happily placed with the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, a widower, who took in only the limited number of six pupils, and had only me to begin with: here I enjoyed myself very much, learning in a first and last class in school hours, and playing in play time at hoop, and other pretty games, not requiring partners. My playground was, in short, a garden of Eden, and I did not even sigh for an Eve, but, like Paradise, it was too happy to last. I was removed from Mr. Steinkopff's to the University of Göttingen, and at once the eyes of six hundred pupils, and the pupils of twelve hundred eyes, seem fas-

tened upon me : I felt like an owl forced into daylight; often and often I sham'd ill, as an excuse for confining myself to my chamber, but some officious would-be friends, insisting on coming to sit with me, as they said, to enliven my solitude, I was forced as a last resource to do that which subjected me, on the principle of Howard's Prison Discipline, to solitary confinement. But even this pleasure did not last; the heads of the College found out that solitary confinement was no punishment, and put another student in the same cell; in this extremity I had no alternative but to endeavour to make him a convert to my principles, and in some days I succeeded in convincing him of the individual independence of man, the solid pleasures of solitude, and the hollow one of society,—in short, he so warmly adopted my views, that in a transport of sympathy we swore an eternal friendship, and agreed to separate for ever, and keep ourselves to ourselves as much as possible. To this end we formed with our blanket a screen across our cell, and that we might not even in thought associate

with each other, he soliloquised only in French, of which I was ignorant, and I in English, to which he was equally a stranger. Under this system my wishes were gratified, for I think I felt more intensely lonely than I ever remember when more strictly alone. Of course this condition had a conclusion; we were brought out again unwillingly into the common world, and the firm of Zimmermann, Nobody, and Co., was compelled to admit—six hundred partners.—In this extremity, my fellow prisoner Zingleman and myself had recourse to the persuasions of oratory. We preached solitude, and got quite a congregation, and of the six hundred hearers, four hundred at least became converts to our Unitarian doctrine; every one of these disciples strove to fly to the most obscure recesses, and the little cemetery of the College had always a plenty of those who were trying to make themselves scarce. This of course was afflicting; as in the game of puss in a corner, it was difficult to get a corner unoccupied to be alone in; the defections and desertions from the

College were consequently numerous, and for a long time the state gazette contained daily advertisements for missing gentlemen, with a description of their person and habits, and invariably concluding with this sentence: "of a melancholy turn,—calls himself a Zimmermanian, and affects solitude." In fact, as Schiller's Robbers begot Robbers, so did my solitude beget solitudinarians, but with this difference, that the dramatist's disciples frequented the Highways, and mine the Byeways!

The consequence was what might have been expected, which I had foreseen, and ardently desired. I was expelled from the University of Göttingen. This was perhaps the triumph of my life. A grand dinner was got up by Zingleman in my honour, at which more than three hundred were present, but in tacit homage to my principles, they never spoke nor held any communication with each other, and at a concerted signal the toast of "Zimmermann, and Solitude" was drunk, by dumb show, in appropriate solemn silence. I was much affected by this tribute, and left with tears in my

eyes, to think, with such sentiments, how many of us might be thrown together again. Being thus left to myself, like a vessel with only one hand on board, I was at liberty to steer my own course, and accordingly took a lodging at Number One, in Wilderness Street, that held out the inviting prospect of a single room to let for a single man. In this congenial situation I composed that my great work on Solitude, and here I think it necessary to warn the reader against many spurious books, calling themselves "Companions to Zimmermann's Solitude," as if solitude could have society. Alas, from this work I may date the decline which my presentiment tells me will terminate in my death. My book, though written against populousness, became so popular, that its author, though in love with loneliness, could never be alone. Striving to fly from the face of man, I could never escape it, nor that of woman and child into the bargain. When I stirred abroad mobs surrounded me, and cried, "here is the Solitary!"—when I staid at home I was equally crowded; all the public s/

cieties of Gottingen thought proper to come up to me with addresses, and not even by deputation. Flight was my only resource, but it did not avail, for I could not fly from myself. Wherever I went Zimmermann and Solitude had got before me, and their votaries assembled to meet me. In vain I travelled throughout the European and Asiatic continent: with an enthusiasm and perseverance of which only Germans are capable, some of my countrymen were sure to haunt me, and really showed by the distance they journeyed, that they were ready to go all lengths with me and my doctrine. Some of these Pilgrims even brought their wives and children along with them, in search of my solitude; and were so unreasonable even as to murmur at my taking the inside of a coach, or the cabin of a packet-boat to myself.

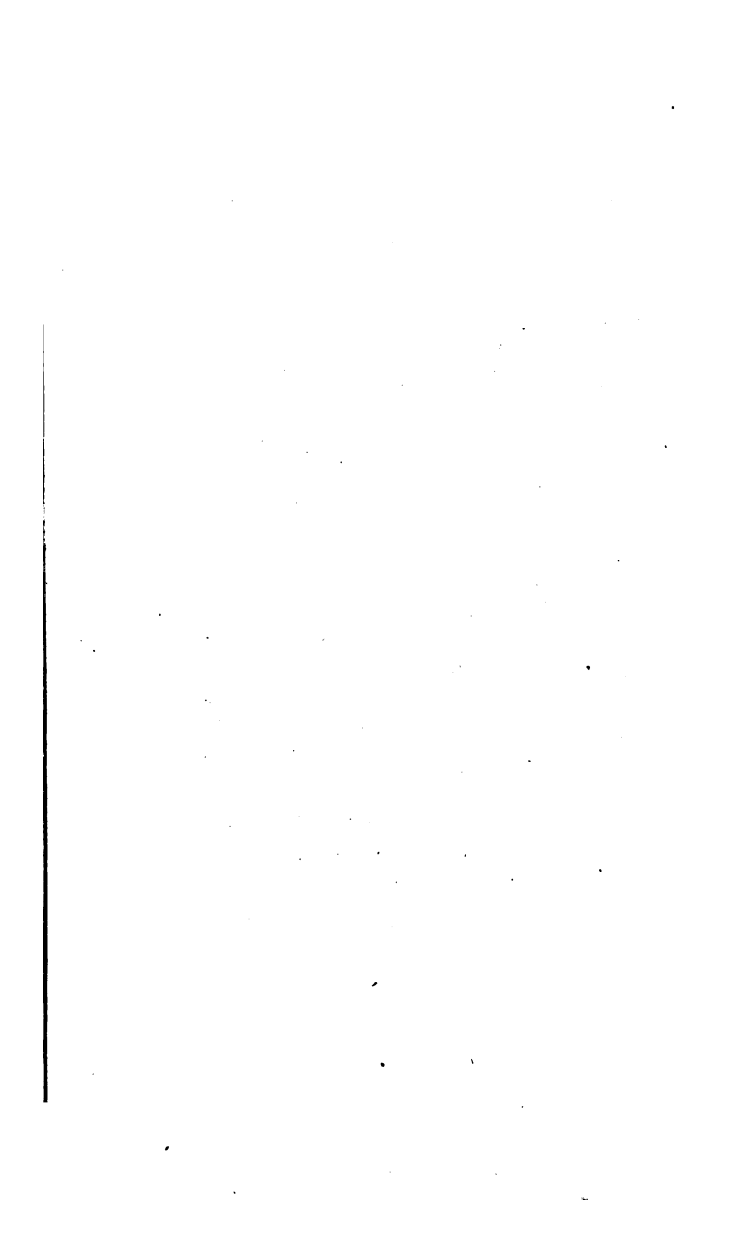
From these persecutions I was released by what some persons would call an unfortunate accident, a vessel in which I sailed from Leghorn, going down at sea with all hands excepting my own pair, which happened to have grappled a hen-coop.

There was no sail in sight, nor any land to be seen—nothing but sea and sky; and from the midst of the watery expanse it was perhaps the first and only glimpse I ever had of real and perfect solitude, yet so inconsistent is human nature, I could not really and perfectly enter into its enjoyment. I was picked up at length by a British brig of war; and, schooled by the past, had the presence of mind to conceal my name, and to adopt the English one of Grundy. Under this *nom de guerre*, but really a name of peace, I enjoyed comparative quiet, interrupted only by the pertinacious attendance of an unconscious countryman, who, noticing my very retired habits, endeavoured by daily lectures from my own work, to make me a convert to my own principles. In short, he so wore me out, that at last, to get rid of his importunities, I told him in confidence that I was the author himself. But the result was any thing but what I expected; and here I must blush again for the inconsistency of human nature. While Winkells knew me only as Grundy, he

painted nothing but the charms of Solitude, and exhorted me to detach myself from society ; but no sooner did he learn that I was Zimmermann, than he insisted on my going to Lady C——'s rout and his own conversazione. In fact, he wanted to make me, instead of a Lion of the Desert, a Lion of the Menagerie. How I resented such a proposition may be supposed, as well as his offer to procure for me the first vacancy that happened in the situation of Hermit at Lord P——'s Hermitage ; being, as he was pleased to say, not only able to bear solitude, but well-bred and well-informed, and fit to *receive company*. The effect of this unfortunate disclosure was to make me leave England, for fear of meeting with the fate of a man or an ox that ventures to quit the common herd. I should immediately have been declared mad, and mobbed into lunacy, and then put into solitary confinement, with a keeper always with me, as a person beside himself, and not fit to be left alone for a moment. As such a fate would have been worse to me than death, I immediately



"DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO."



left London, and am now living anonymously in an uninhabited house,—prudence forbids me to say where.



"Sare, I am at where ?—"

"Well, I know you be !"

SONNET.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
 I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good
 cocks—
 I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
 And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
 I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
 I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
 I'm fond of capercalxies in their glory,—
 Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types.
 All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
 And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
 Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
 With due and fit provision to enable
 A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
 To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.



DICKY BIRDS.



ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.



"A CHILD'S call TO BE DISPOSED OF."

My dear, do pull the bell,
 And pull it well,
 And send those noisy children all up stairs,
 Now playing here like bears—
 You George, and William, go into the grounds,

Charles, James, and Bob are there,—and take your
string,

Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds,—
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,

Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,

Your sister Margaret's there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
At far off Ponty Pool—

I want to read, but really can't get on—
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan !

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree
In every thing I read with thee !
The world's too full, there is no doubt,
And wants a deal of thinning out,—
It's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—
And I agree with some thus far,
Who say the King's too popular,
That is,—he has too many people.





LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF AN HOSPITAL.

There are too many of all trades,
Too many bakers,
Too many every-thing-makers,
But not too many undertakers.—
Too many boys,—
Too many hobby-de-hoys,—
Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids,—
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
And yet some Wrongheads,
With thick not long heads,
Poor metaphysicians !
Sign petitions
Capital punishment to abolish ;
And in the face of censuses such vast ones
New hospitals contrive,
For keeping life alive,
Laying first stones, the dolts ! instead of last ones !—
Others, again, in the same contrariety,
Deem that of all Humane Society
They really deserve the thanks,
Because the two banks of the Serpentine,
By their design,
Are Saving Banks.

Oh! were it given but to me to weed,
The human breed,
And root out here and there some cumbering elf
I think I could go through it,
And really do it
With profit to the world and to myself,—
For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
My debtors, those I mean to say
Who cannot or who will not pay,
And all my creditors.
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy ;
But for the world's, and every one's,
I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,
And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,
Call'd only by herself an "only joy."
As Mr. Irving's chapel's not too full,
Himself alone I'd pull—
But for the peace of years that have to run,
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
And put a period to rotation,
By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—
These are but hints what good might thus |
done!

But ah! I fear the public good
Is little by the public understood,—
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,
No doubt some busy fool would hinder
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
That wine and bun-day,
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
Before they died by bit or sup,
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
Just at the moment critical,
The economy political
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.

Equally 'twould be undone,
Suppose the Bishop of London,
On that great day
In June or May,
When all the large small family of charity,

Brown, black, or carrotty,
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
To sing together till they scare the walls
Of old St. Paul's,
Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,
Some say a gratifying sight,
Tho' I think sad—but that's a schism—
To witness so much pauperism—
Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make.
In this poor overcrowded world more room,
Proposed to shake
Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal-way*
I fear would come and interfere,
Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
To walk back in their parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and twos,
Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

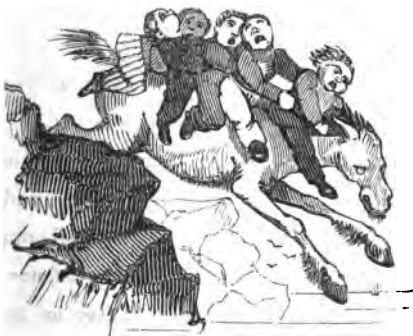
Thus, people hatch'd from goose's egg,
Foolishly think a pest, a plague,



FANCY PORTRAIT—MR. MALTHUS.

And in its face their doors all shut,
On hinges oil'd with cajeput—
Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and
cloven,

And turning pale as linen rags
At hoisting up of yellow flags,
While you and I are crying “Orange Boven!”
Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
When if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!



A ROCKING HORSE!

LETTER
FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your's of the first last, wich I should have anser'd it sooner, only I have ad the Roo-matiz in my fingers, so you must Pleas to excus my crampd hand.

As to my Sporting Reminis-cences, as you are pleasd to say, I have lookd them out in the dix-enary, and kno verry well what it is. I beg leaf to Say, I have forgot all my recolections, and can not bring to Mind any of my old Rememberances.

As for Hunting, I shall never take a fence at it agen, altho I sumtims Ride to cover on the old Gray, wich is now be come quite Wite. The last tim I went out, we dru Hazelmere copses down to



• WHICH WAY DID THE FOX GO?



Broxley wood ; then we dru Broxley wood over to Fox thorp ; then we dru Fox thorp over to Middle ford, and then we dru Middle ford, in short, it was all drawing and nò painting for want of a brush.

Sir William Chase cuming to be his father's hare, he set up a coarsing club, but being short of long dogs, and there hairs falling of, it was obleegd to discourse, and is now turned into a conversasiony.

In regard to shuting, I have never dun anny thing Since percussion Captiousness cum up, wich I am Told they are sharper then Flints. The last hare I kild was 2 long ears ago, and the Last fezzant, But theres a long tail belonging to that, wich you shall have when you cum over, as I hop you wil, with your Horse's ; I have good entertainment for boath, as the french Say, at my table D' oats. The lads go out after Burds now and then, but I seldum cum at the rites of there shuting—you kno

Wat is Hits is Histery,
But what is mist is mistery.

Talking of shuting, hav you seen Ubbard's new guns like wauking sticks—there a cappital defence

agin cappital offences ; as you may ether stick a feller or Shute him ; or boath together. I wish farmer Gale had carrid one last friday, for he was Rob'd cuming from markit by a foot paddy Irish man, that knockd him down to make him Stand. Luckily he had nothin on him when Stopd but sum notes of the Barnsby bank that had bin stopd the weak afore.

In the fishing line I am quite Dead bait, tho I have had manny a Good run in my tim, Partickler when the keeper spide me out were I hadent got Leaf. The last tim I went I could hardly un do my rod for roomatiz in my joints, and I got the Lumbago verry bad wen I cum Back, and its atax I doant like. Beside wich I found verry Little big fish on a count of the pochers, who Kil em al in colde blood. I used sumtims to flote and sumtims to fli, but our waters is so over fishd theres no fish to be had, and as I am very musicle, I dont like trolling without a catch, the last jack I caut was with my boot, and was only a foot long.

As for raceing, I never cared much a bout it,



FLY FISHING.

and in regard of betting, I am Better with out it, tho I al ways take the feeld wen I am Able, and suport the Farmer's Plate with al my Mite.

Our Wist club is going of, Some of the members go on so ; two of em are perpetuly quareling like anny thing but double dummies, for one plays like Hoyle and the other like Vineger. The young men hav interduced Shorts, but I doant think theyle Last long. They are al so verry Sharp at the Pints, and as for drinking, I never se sich Liquorish Chaps in my life. They are al ways laying ods, even at Super, when theyle Bet about the age of a Roosted foul, wich they cal Chicken hazzard, or about the Wait of a Curran py, wich they cal the Currancy question. They al so smoke a grate manny seagars, but they cant Put the old men's pips out, wich it Wood be a Burning shame if they did. I am sorry to say politicks has Crept in ; Sum is al for reform, and sum is al for none at al, and the only thing they agre in is, that the land Lord sbant bring in no Bil. There is be sides grate dis-cushins as to the new game laws, sum

entertaning douts wen sum peple go out a shuting, wether even acts of Parlament will inable them to shute anny game.

. The crickit Club is going on uncomon wel. They are 36 members with out rekonig the byes; our best man at Wickit is Captin Batty—he often gets four notches running; and our best boler is Use Ball, tho we sumtims get Dr. Pilby to bolus. As for the crickit Bal, it is quit wore out, wich the gals say they are verry Sory for it, as they took a grate intrest in our matches.

My lads are boath of em marred, wich mayhap you have Herd,—and if the gals are not, I Beleve its no falt of theres. They hope youle cum to the Wake, wich is next Sunday weak, for they Say there will be High fun, al tho I think it is Rather Low. The only use of waking that I can See, is to pervent folkes Sleeping, and as for there jumping and throwing up there Heals, I see no Pleasur in it. If they had the Roomatiz as Bad as I have, they woudnt be for Dancing there fandangoes at that rat, and Kicking for partners.





WHERE'S YOUR HAWKER'S LICENSE?

Our county Member, Sir William Wiseacre, is going to bring in a bil "for the supression of the Barbarus past-time of bul beating, and for the better incorigement of the nobul art of Cokin," by wich al buls, wether inglish or irish, are to be Made game of no longer, and al such as are found at anny ring or stake are libel to be find. They cal it here the Cock and Bul Act, wich I think is a verry good Name. It has causd grate diversion in manny peple's opinnions, but most of us Think the cocks is quite as Bad as the buls. The same Bar-rownet as tried to interduce Forkenry, but the first atempts as been verry Hawkward. The forkens flu at a herin, who tried to be a bove there atax, for the more they pecked him the more they maid him sore, but a boy flying a Kite skared em al away togither.

Last week was our grand archery Meetin, and the first prize was won by Little Master Tomkins, of grove House. I supose his fondnes for lolli pops made him ame best at bulls Eyes. The Miss Courtenays were there as usul, and in comparison

of arch Angles look raly archer.—The wags proposed miss Emily shoold have the seeccond prize for shutting in too a cows Eye that came to nere the target; she says she was so nervus, it put her arrow into a quiver. In the middle of the meteing we herd a Bad playd Key buggle, and out of the shruberry, were they had bin hiding, Jumpd Revd. Mister Crumpe and asistants; he is Recter of Bow and Curat of Harrow, and was disgised in every thing green, as Robin Hood and his mery Men; after geting Little John to string his bow for him, I am sorry to say, Robin Hood shot Worst of every Body, for he did not even hit the target, and we should have never Seen wear his arrow went, but by hereing it smash in to the conservatorry. When we came to look for the prize, a silver Arrow, every Body had lost it, for it had dropt out of the case, and would never have been found, but for Revd. mister Crumpe sittin downe on the lawne, and wich made Himjump up agen, as miss Courtenay said out of Byron, like “a warrior bounding from its Barb.” The Toxophilus Club is very

flurrishing, but talk of expeling sum members for persisting in wereing peagreen insted of lincon, and puttin on there 'spanish Hats and fethers the rong side before.

Thank you for the Hoisters, wich was verry good. Mary has took the shels to make her a groto, of wich I think is verry shamful, as I wanted them to Friten the Burds. Old Mark Lane, the man as Cheated you out of them oats, has bean sent to jail for Stealing barly. I am sadly Afearde old Marks corn will give Him 14 ears of Bottany.

Pleas to Remember me to al inquiring friends, if they should think it woth wile to Ask after me,

From your Humbel servant,

ANDREW AXELTREE.

P.S. I forgot to menshun the subskripshon Stag hounds kep by the same members as the wist club, and its there wim to have fifty too dogs to the pack. If old Bil, the huntsman, was drest like Pam, theyd be complet. They have had sum cappital runs dooring the season. As you write for the

sporting Maggazins, you may like to notice an apereance rather noo in the felde, I mean the Grate Creol Curnel Brown, who is very pompus, and hunts with Pompey, his black servant, after him. I have got a Deal more to Say, but carnt for want of Room. Mary says I should Cros it, wich I wood, but I doant Wish to put you to the expense of a Dubble leter.



ARCHER IN THE BOW'S STRATAGEM.



THE PARTING OF POMPEY AND CORNELIA.



LINES

TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
With Memory's glass—at such a pass
Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,
But if you sigh and sob 'em,
And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock you'll have a stock,
And death will oft unthrob 'em,—
A country chick is good to pick—
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
A friend (you know) before a foe—
Remember me at Cobham !

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
And friends of course to mob 'em,
Should you be short of such a sort,
Remember me at Cobham !



BALL-PRACTISE.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.**BY AN OLD SERVANT.**

It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas ; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen, of No. 189, Portland-Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charewomen—at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, “ they were never ketch’d in the fact.” Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner ; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John’s verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty

to the Umphavilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar ; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing tea-spoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses, by way of parenthesis : and though John's poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralizing turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John ! the grave has put a period to his didactics, and the publication of his lays in the Comic Annual, therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament " to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in *Elegant Extracts*, or *Flowers of English Poetry*." The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers ; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in





NOT UP, YET !

too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his death discovered his propensity to poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a Horseman, that he never dreamt of one as a Footman.

The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there are several Authors, of the present day whom John ought not to walk behind.

THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranite trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
They'd both be smash'd to shivers!

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

Oh Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there's the bell.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.

Oh Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—

There come some more.

Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—

That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

Oh Peace!

Knocks will not cease.

Oh Peace! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—

That's Weippart's band.

Oh Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—

I hear the sound of coaches.

Oh Peace! oh Peace!—another carriage stops—

It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace! with thee I love to wander,

But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander,

And now I've seen her up the stair,

Oh Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.

Oh Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,

Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—

If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,

Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;

Oh Peace ! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness !

Oh Peace ! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own ;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry ?

Oh Peace ! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace !
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece ;
Oh Peace ! so dear to poets' quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh Peace ! our greatest renovator ;—
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace !—but here my Ode I'll cease ;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING
FORTY-SEVEN.

WHEN I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summon'd hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turn'd to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
O let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't form'd your feature,
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,

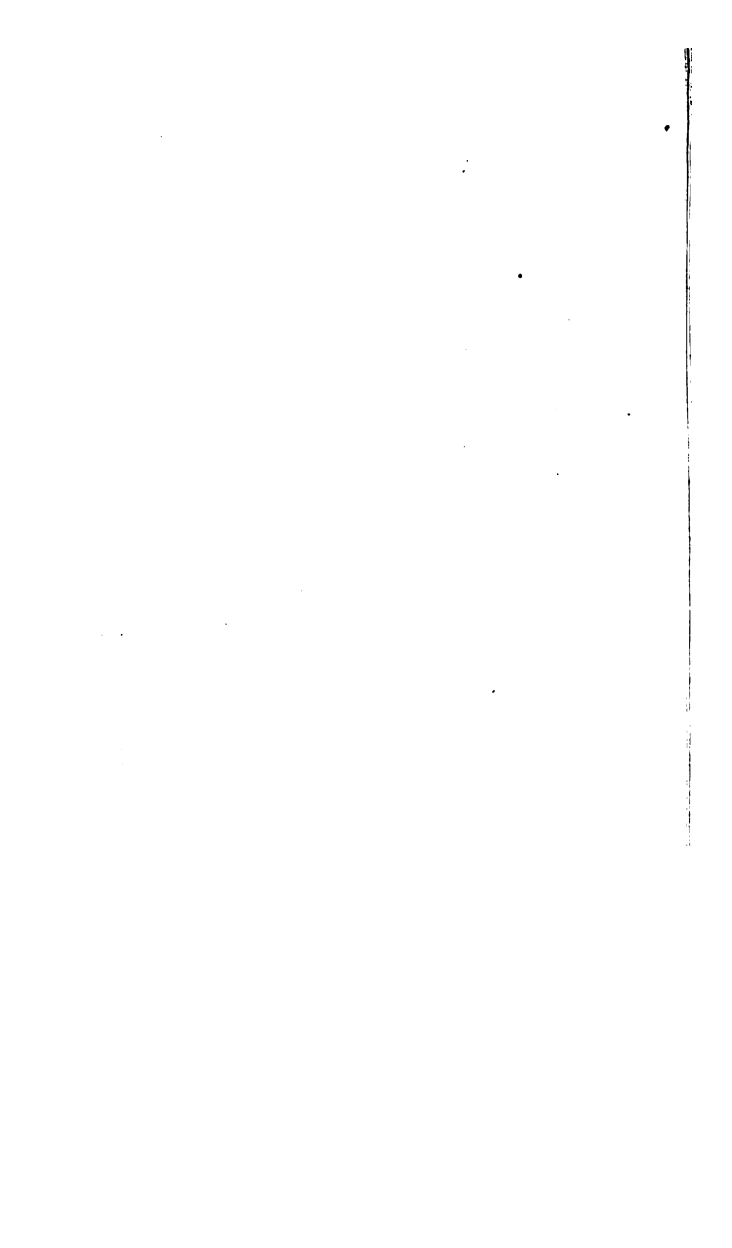
And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

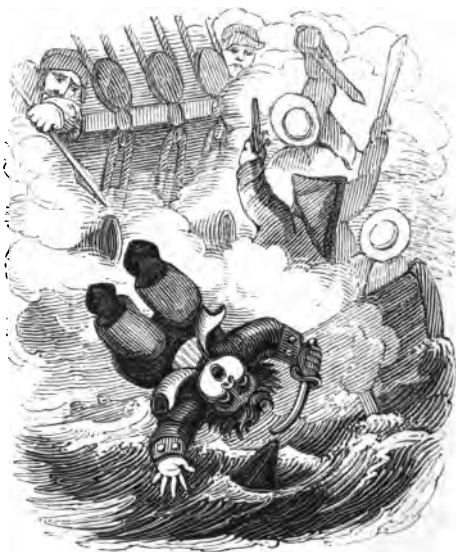
You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty,
But, doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms,
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.



WHAT ODD LEGS!





BOARDING-SCHOOL.

THE ISLAND.

“ Oh had I some sweet little Isle of my own ! ”—MOORE.

IF the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little Isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe, and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action of Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the Santissima Trinidad, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter,

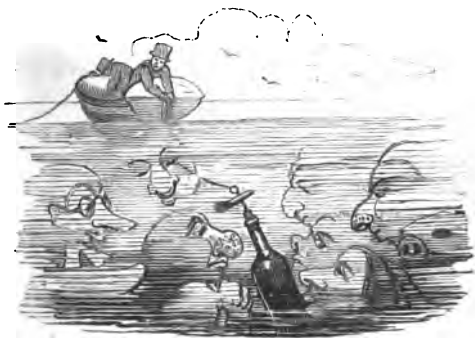
was rebutted by the but-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quarter-master of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away, that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakespeare says, we were drifted off by "the current of a heady fight." As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter, with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seem'd to stare each of us in the face; that is, we stared at one another, but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I





THE POUND OF FLESH.

fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nor, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw,—but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal any how, but got mealy-mouth'd, notwithstanding. We could see the Sea mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of Grampus, but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.



CATCHING A BOTTLE-NOSE.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right a-head, but alas the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating about—for the wind not only gives blows, but takes a great deal of beating—we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it seem'd actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our

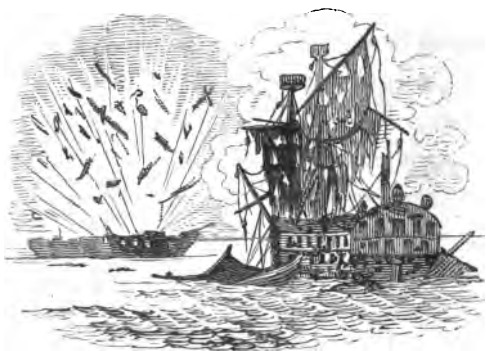
next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, "The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not

such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trowsers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker—that is to say, a master butcher and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favourite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled no office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong big brother to a helpless little one.

We remained in a state of nature five years,

when at last a whaler of Hull—though the hull was not visible—showed her masts on the horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the College Hornpipe at the same time with equal fervour. We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-joie*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us; but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank, but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained uppermost with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me like Dominie Sampson with the boy Harry Bertram; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigour of John Dory in Wild

Oats. This disposition involved us daily, nay, hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances; and how the connexion might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out, "Good-bye, I am go—going—back—to a state of nature."



A GOOD ACTION MEETS ITS OWN REWARD.



IN EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

JOHN DAY.**A PATHETIC BALLAD.****A Day after the Fair.—OLD PROVERB.**

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceiv'd
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow thro'
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged,
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers ;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like her's.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.



THE BOX SEAT.



But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued ;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin,
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Tho I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.



LITTLE AND BIGAMY.

A HORSE-DEALER

Is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, Truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up No Trust. Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chesnut-brown, cream, and roan—pyebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no



NO BANKRUPT THOUGH I BREAKS.



traces. He advertizeth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; "for," as he sayeth, "blindness or lameness be misfortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or, as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." String-halt he calleth "grand action," and kicking "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her "out of Comedy," and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound," and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be en-

tered at a steeple chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with “perfect leg.” If a nag cougheth, ’tis “a clever hack.” If his knees be fractured, he is “well broke for gig or saddle.” If he reareth, he is “above sixteen hands high.” If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him “off the Gretna Road, and has been used to carry a lady.” If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth “the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad.” Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag’s hoof like a love token, saying only, before standers by, “Poor fellow,—he knoweth me!”—and is content rather to pass as a bad rider,



REAR-ADMIRAL.

7

than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chaunteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the Common Lot.



A RAVENOUS APPETITE.

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.



FINDING A MAY'RS NEST.

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!
 I mean of course that venerable town,
 Mention'd in stories of renown,
 Built formerly of mud;—
 O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er
 Invent the office of a Mayor,



ARMS FOUND.



An office that no useful purpose crowns,
But to set Aldermen against each other,
That should be Brother unto Brother,—
Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?

But still if one must have a Mayor
To fill the Civic chair,
O Lud, I say,
Was there no better day
To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
Dimming, alas,
The Brazier's brass,
Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
Sopping the Furriers,
Draggling the Curriers,
And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers;
Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
And turning the Distiller
To cold without instead of warm within;—
Spoiling the bran new beavers
Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,

Plaistering the Plaisterers and spotting
 Mercers,
 Hearty November-cursers—
 And showing Cordwainers and dapper Dra-
 pers
 Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers;
 Making the Grocer's company not fit
 For company a bit;
 Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,
 Daubing incorporated Bakers,
 And leading Patten-makers,
 Over their very pattens in the mud,—
 O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

“ This is a sorry sight,”
 To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
 To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—
 White plumes not white—
 Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
 Not “ Angels ever bright and fair,”
 But angels ever brown and fallow,
 With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
 For city clouds of black and yellow—

And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
 Such sable lilies
 And grim daffodilies
Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud ! O Lud !

I may as well, while I'm inclin'd,
Just go through all the faults I find :
 Oh Lud ! then, with a better air, say June,
 Could'st thou not find a better tune
 To sound with trumpets, and with drums,
 Than " See the Conquering Hero comes,"
 When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood,
Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,
 That ever charg'd on Turk or Tartar,
And yet upon a march you strike
 That treats him like—
 A little French, if I may martyr—
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter !

O Lud ! I say,
 Do change your day
To some time when your Show can really show ;
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow,

Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!
 Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,
 And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—broach—
 Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter ;
 When grandeur really may be grand—
 But if thy Pageant's thus obscur'd by land—
 O Lud ! it's ten times worse upon the water !

Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
 I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,
 Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and
 aunt,
 To see what she can see—and what she can't ;
 Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
 To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
 While perch'd in a verandah nicely hung
 Over a margin of thy own black mud,
 O Lud !

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
 Look out and see,
 Of course about the bridge you view them rally
 And sally,





SECOND SIGHT.

With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter ;
The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
 The Goldsmiths' glorious galley,—
Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
 With silken banners that the breezes fan,
 In gold all glowing,
 And men in scarlet rowing,
Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic ;
Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne.

“No, I see no such thing !
I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
With two coal lighters fasten'd to a ring ;
 And, dim as ghosts,
Two little boys are jumping over posts ;
 And something farther off,
That's rather like the shadow of a dog,
 And all beyond is fog.
If there be any thing so fine and bright,
To see it I must see by second sight.
Call this a Show ? It is not worth a pin,
 I see no barges row,
 No banners blow,

The Show is merely a gallanty-show
Without a lamp or any candle in."

But Sister Anne, my dear,

Although you cannot see, you still may hear,
Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,

The "Water parted from the Sea" in C,

Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;

Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,

Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.

Oh music from the water comes delightful,

It sounds as no where else it can.

You hear it first

In some rich burst,

Then faintly sighing,

Tenderly dying,

Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on,

And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps

Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps

Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.

I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
Like a very muffled double drum,
And then a something faintly shrill,
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.
And now and then I hear a pop,
As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.
I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
And, not to mention sneezing,
My cough is, more than usual, teasing;
I really fear that I have chill'd my blood,
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!"



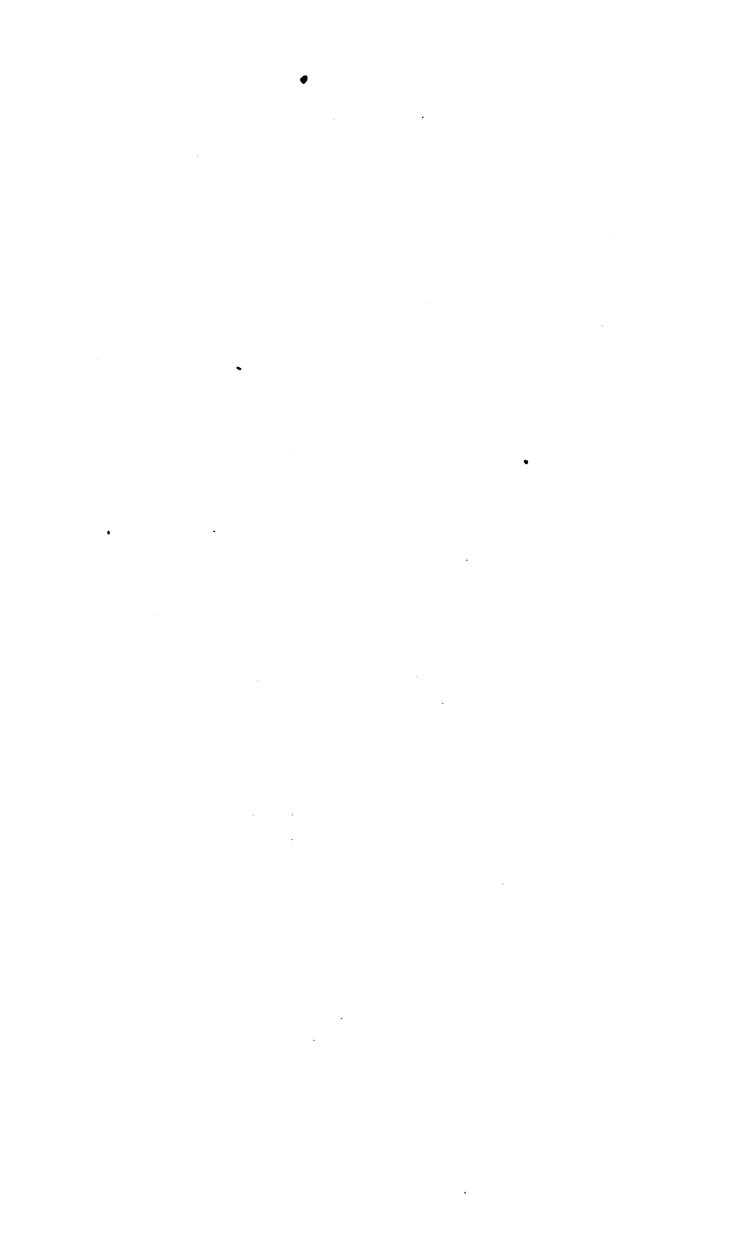
HOG THE KING OF BASIN.

SONNET.

THE sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet ;—
A cry of fire ! resounds from door to door ;
And westward still the thronging people pour ;—
The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,
And quick unlocks the fountains of the street ;
While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,
Thunder along to luckless Number Four,
Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.
And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,
The Globe, the Sun, the Phœnix, and what not,
With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,
On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—
And scorching loaves,—as if there were no shorter
And cheaper way of making toast-and-water !



THE HOUSE ADJOURNED.



HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL, AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,
Each of the lass he call'd his dear,
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men ;
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,
“ All things by turns, and nothing long.”

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face ;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame ;
I make the cliffs repeat her name :
When I'm inspir'd by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins !

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A. B. C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except " God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell,—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.



FOLLOW MY LEADER.



DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate ;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn ;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she ;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes!

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
Her presence brightens every thing ;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;
For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth ;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
" Marry come up !" but will not marry.



RAMSAY'S GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A

SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET
HOUSE.

“ Our Crummie is a dainty cow.”—SCOTCH SONG.

ON that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R. A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what's call'd the private view,—
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint ;



STUDY OF A HEAD—CARLO DOLCI.



No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forc'd her way,
Elbow'd Lord Durham—pok'd Lord Grey—
Stamp'd Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove ;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.
As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,
She search'd the pictures through and through,
On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,
And squatted down to scan the shy ones.
And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,
Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
" Really an ardent love of art !"

Alas! amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition ;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last thus stammer'd out, " How now ?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?"
Says woman, " Where is David's Cow?"

Said Mr. H——, with expedition,
There's no Cow in the Exhibition.
" No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,
Set off with steam and rail celerity—
" No Cow! there a'nt no Cow, then the more's the
shame and pity,
Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging
Committee!



BEEF A-LA-DAUBE.



No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you need'nt
talk to me—

You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it
ought to be—

I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's
Cow?

You may talk of your Landseers, and of your
Coopers, and your Wards,

Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here
they are on cords!

They're only fit for window frames, and shutters,
and street doors,

David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue
Boars,—

Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or
sow—

It's really hard it a'nt hung up—I could cry about
the Cow!

But I know well what it is, and why—they're jea-
lous of David's fame,

But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty
and a shame.

Do you think it might hang bye and bye, if you
cannot hang it now ?

David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example
to the learners,

Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture
of Mr. Turner's ?

Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need apprehend a row,

If now and then you cut him down, to hang up
David's Cow ?

I can't think where their tastes have been, to not
have such a creature,

Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier
than Nature ;

It must be hung—and shall be hung, for Mr. H——,
I vow,

I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got
the Cow !

As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much
care,

If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming
up the stair.





A DUTCH CODDLING.

Or down there in the marble room where all the
figures stand,

Where one of them three Graces might just hold it
in her hand—

Or may be Bailey's Charity the favour would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.
We have'nt no where else to go if you don't hang it
here,

The Water-Colour place allows no oilman to
appear—

And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers,
and Gerrard Douw,

And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a
Suffolk Cow :

I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took
his meals

Till she was painted on the board correct from head
to heels ;

His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made
him shabby,

He hardly whipped the boys at all, or help'd to
nurse the babby.

And when he had her all complete and painted over
red,

He got so grand, I really thought him going off
his head.

Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,
Póor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang
his Cow.—

And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by
half—

David shan't send next year except a very little
calf.



MOVING IN THE FIRST CIRCLES.



FANCY PORTRAIT :—MR. HUME.

ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

"I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

OH, Mr. Hume, thy name
 Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
 With four fast horses and two sharp postillions ;
 Thy reputation
 Has friends by numeration,
 Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.
 Whenever public men together dine,
 They drink to thee
 With three times three—
 That's nine.
 And oft a votary proposes then
 To add unto the cheering one cheer more—
 Nine and One are Ten ;
 Or somebody for thy honour still more keen,
 Insists on four times four—
 Sixteen !

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure ;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to save the nation,
Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of Multiplication.

In motions thou art second unto none,
Though Fortune on thy motions seems to frown,
For though you set a number down
You seldom carry one.
Great at a speech thou art, though some folks cough,
But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,
Although in stirring up corruption's worms
You make some factions
Vulgar as certain fractions,
Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench,
Go on, for ridicule not caring,
Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,
And make state cyphers eat up their own
aughts,



SET DOWN ONE AND CARRY ONE.



And only in thy saving be unsparing ;
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
Cut off the Great Seal's wax ;
Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
And crop their horses' tails.
Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,
Examine all the cannons' charges well,
And those who found th' Artillery compel
To forge twelve pounders for a five pound note.
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets,—
Those Military pets.
Take Army—no, take Leggy Tailors
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
Out of our nation's narrow income
Would furnish such wide trowsers to the
Sailors.
Next take to wonder him
The Master of the Horse's horse from under
him ;

Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
 Wherewith to gild their pills.
And tell the Staghounds' Master he must keep
 The deer, &c., cheap.
 Close as new brooms
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms ;
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
 Of his very moneys ;
In short, at every salary have a pull,
 And when folks come for pay
 On quarter-day,
Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

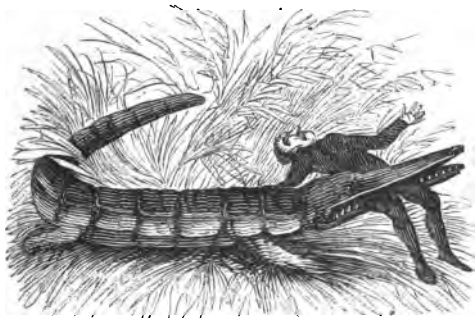
Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
 Or eat—or sleep, a wink,
Till you have argued over each reduction,
Let it be food to you, repose and suction.
 Tho' you should make more motions by one half
 Than any telegraph,
Item by item all these things enforce,
Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse ;
Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,
And swing your arms till aching in their socket ;



A RECEIPT IN FULL.



Or if awake you cannot keep,
Talk of retrenchment in your sleep,
Expose each Peachum, and shew up each Lockit,—
Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
And while they're sitting blow them up,
As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous ;
But now we live in different Novembers,
And safely you may walk into the House,
First split its ears, and then divide its members!



LONG DIVISION.

SONNET.

ALONG the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys ;
Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzza's,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray ;
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.



BLACK MONDAY.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

I ONCE, for a very short time indeed, had the honour of being a schoolmaster, and was invested with the important office of “rearing the tender thought,” and “teaching the young idea how to shoot;” of educating in the principles of the established Church, and bestowing the strictest attention to morals. The case was this; my young friend G——, a graduate of Oxford, and an ingenious and worthy man, thought proper, some months back, to establish, or endeavour to establish, an academy for young gentlemen, in my immediate vicinity. He had already procured nine day-pupils to begin with, whom he himself taught,—prudence as yet prohibiting the employment of ushers,—when he was summoned hastily to attend upon a dying relative

in Hampshire, from whom he had some expectations. This was a dilemma to poor G——, who had no one to leave in charge of his three classes; and he could not bear the idea of playing truant himself so soon after commencing business. In his extremity he applied to me as his forlorn hope, and one forlorn enough; for it is well known among my friends, that I have little Latin, and less Greek, and am, on every account, a worse accountant. I urged these objections to G——, but in vain, for he had no “friend in need,” learned or unlearned, within any reasonable distance, and, as he said to comfort me, “in three or four days merely the boys could not *unlearn* much of any thing.”

At last I gave way to his importunity. On Thursday night, he started from the tree of knowledge by a branch coach; and at nine on Friday morning, I found myself sitting at his desk in the novel character of pedagogue. I am sorry to say, not one of the boys played truant, or was confined at home with a violent illness. There they were, nine little mischievous wretches, goggling, tittering,



A BRANCH COACH.

1

2

3

pointing, winking, grimacing, and mocking at authority, in a way enough to invoke two Elisha bears out of Southgate Wood. To put a stop to this indecorum, I put on my spectacles, stuck my cane upright in the desk, with the fool's-cap atop—but they inspired little terror; worn out at last, I seized the cane, and rushing from my dais, well flogged—I believe it is called flogging—the boy, a Creole, nearest me; who though far from the biggest, was much more daring and impertinent than the rest. So far my random selection was judicious; but it appeared afterwards, that I had chastised an only son, whose mother had expressly stipulated for him an exemption from all punishment. I suspect with the moral prudence of fond mothers, she had informed the little imp of the circumstance, for this Indian-Pickle fought and kicked his preceptor as unceremoniously as he would have scuffled with Black Diana or Agammemnon. My first move, however, had a salutary effect; the urchins settled, or made believe to settle, to their tasks; but I soon perceived that the genuine industry and ap-

plication belonged only to one, a clever-looking boy, who, with pen and paper before him, was sitting at the further end of a long desk, as great a contrast to the others, as the Good, to the Bad Apprentice in Hogarth. I could see his tongue even at work at one corner of his mouth,—a very common sign of boyish assiduity,—and his eyes never left his task but occasionally to glance towards his master, as if in anticipation of the approving smile, to which he looked forward as the prize of industry. I had already selected him inwardly for a favourite, and resolved to devote my best abilities to his instruction, when I saw him hand the paper, with a sly glance, to his neighbour, from whom it passed rapidly down the desk, accompanied by a running titter, and side-long looks, that convinced me the supposed copy was, indeed, a copy not of “Obey your superiors,” or “Age commands respect,” but of the head of the college, and as a glimpse showed, a head with very ludicrous features. Being somewhat fatigued with my last execution, I suffered the cane of jus-

tice to sleep, and inflicted the fools'-cap—literally the fool's—for no clown in pantomime, the great Grimaldi not excepted, could have made a more laughter-stirring use of the costume. The little enormities, who only tittered before, now shouted outright, and nothing but the enchanted wand of bamboo could flap them into solemnity. Order was restored, for they saw I was, like Earl Grey, resolved to “stand by my order;” and while I was deliberating in some perplexity, how to begin business, the two biggest boys came forward voluntarily, and standing as much as they could in a circle, presented themselves, and began to read as the first Greek class. Mr. Irving may boast of his prophets as much as he will; but in proportion to the numbers of our congregations, I had far more reason to be proud of my gabblers in an unknown tongue. I, of course, discovered no lapsis lingui in the performance, and after a due course of gibberish, the first class dismissed itself, with a brace of bows and an evident degree of self-satisfaction at being so perfect in the present, after being so imperfect

in the past. I own this first act of our solemn farce made me rather nervous against the next, which proved to be the Latin class, and I have no doubt to an adept would have seemed as much a Latin comedy as those performed at the Westminster-school. We got through the second course quite correct, as before, and I found, with some satisfaction, that the third was a dish of English Syntax, where I *was* able to detect flaws, and the heaps of errors that I had to arrest made me thoroughly sensible of the bliss of ignorance in the Greek and Latin. A general lesson in English reading ensued, through which we glided smoothly enough, till we came to a sand-bank in the shape of a Latin quotation, which I was requested to English. It was something like this—"nemo mortalius omnibus horasapit," which I rendered, "no mortal knows at what hour the omnibus starts"—and with this translation the whole school was perfectly satisfied. Nine more bows.

My horror now approached: I saw the little wretches lug out their slates, and begin to cuff out



A SECOND COURSE.



the old sums, a sight that made me wish all the slates at the roof of the house. I knew very well that when the army of nine attacked my Bonny-castle, it would not long hold out. Unluckily, from inexperience, I gave them all the same question to work, and the consequence was, each brought up a different result—nor would my practical knowledge of Practice allow me to judge of their merits. I had no resource but, Lavater-like, to go by Physiognomy, and accordingly selected the solution of the most mathematical-looking boy. But Lavater betrayed me. Master White, a chowder-headed lout of a lad, as dull as a pig of lead, and as mulishly obstinate as Muley Abdallah, persisted that his answer was correct, and at last appealed to the superior authority of a Tutor's Key, that he had kept by stealth in his desk. From this instant my importance declined, and the urchins evidently began to question, with some justice, what right I had to rule nine, who was not competent to the Rule of Three. By way of a diversion, I invited my pupils to a walk ; but I wish G—— had been

more circumstantial in his instructions before he left. Two of the boys pleaded sick head-aches to remain behind; and I led the rest, through my arithmetical fallure, under very slender government, by the most unfortunate route I could have chosen,—in fact, past the very windows of their parents, who complained afterwards, that they walked more like bears than boys, and that if Mr. G—— had drawn lots for one at a raffle, he could not have been more unfortunate in his new usher.

To avoid observation, which I did not court, I led them aside into a meadow, and pulling out a volume of *Paradise Lost*, left the boys to amuse themselves as they pleased. They pleased, accordingly, to get up a little boxing match, a *là Crib and Molineux*—between Master White and the little Creole, of which I was informed only by a final shout and a stream of blood that trickled, or treacled, from the flat nose of the child of colour. Luckily, as I thought, he was near home, whither I sent him for washing and consolation, and in return for which, in the course of a quarter of an hour, while still in



DRAWING LOTS.



the field, a black footman, in powder blue turned up with yellow, brought me the following note :—

“ Mrs. Col. Christopher informs Mr. G——’s Usher, that as the vulgar practice of pugilism is allowed at Spring Grove Academy, Master Adolphus Ferdinand Christopher will in future be educated at home ; particularly as she understands Master C. was punished in the morning, in a way that only becomes blacks and slaves.—To the new Usher at Mr. G——’s.”

Irritated at this event and its commentary, I resolved to punish Master White, but Master White was no where to be found, having expelled himself and run away home, where he complained to his parents of the new usher’s deficiencies, and told the whole story of the sum in Practice, begging earnestly to be removed from a school where, as he said, it was impossible for him to improve himself. The prayer of the petition was heard, and on the morrow, Mr. White’s son was minus at Spring Grove Academy. Calling in the remainder, I ordered a march homewards, where I arrived just in time to hear the sham head-aches of the two invalids

go off with an alarming explosion—for they had thus concerted an opportunity for playing with gunpowder and prohibited arms. Here was another discharge from the school, for no parents think that their children look the better without eyebrows, and accordingly, when they went home for the night, the fathers and mothers resolved to send them to some other school, where no powder was allowed, except upon the head of the master. I was too much hurt to resume schooling after the boys' bad behaviour, and so gave them a half-holiday; and never, oh never did I so estimate the blessing of sleep, as on that night when I closed my eyelids on all my pupils! But, alas! sleep brought its sorrows:—I saw boys fighting, flourishing slates, and brandishing squibs and crackers in my visions; and through all,—such is the transparency of dreams,—I beheld the stern shadow of G—— looking unutterable reproaches.

The next morning, with many painful recollections, brought one of pleasure; I remembered that it was the King's Birthday, and in a fit of very



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."



sincere loyalty, gave the whole school, alas! reduced by one-half, a whole holiday. Thus I got over the end of the week, and Sunday, literally a day of rest, was spent by the urchins at their own homes. It may seem sinful to wish for the death of a fellow-creature, but I could not help thinking of G——'s relative along with what is called a happy release—and he really was so kind, as we learned by an express from G——, as to break up just after his arrival, and that G—— consequently would return in time to resume his scholastic duties on the Monday morning. With infinite pleasure I heard this good bad news from Mrs. G——, who never interfered in the classical part of the house, and was consequently all unconscious of the reduction in the Spring Grove Establishment. I forged an excuse for immediately leaving off school; “resigned I kissed the rod” that I resigned, and as I departed, no master but my own, was overwhelmed by a torrent of grateful acknowledgments of the service I had done the school, which, as Mrs. G—— protested, could never have got on

without me. How it got on I left G——to discover, and I am told he behaved rather like Macduff at the loss of his “little ones”—but luckily, I had given myself warning before his arrival, and escaped from one porch of the Academy at that nick of time when the Archodidesculus was entering by another, perfectly convinced that, however adapted to “live and learn,” I should never be able to live and teach.



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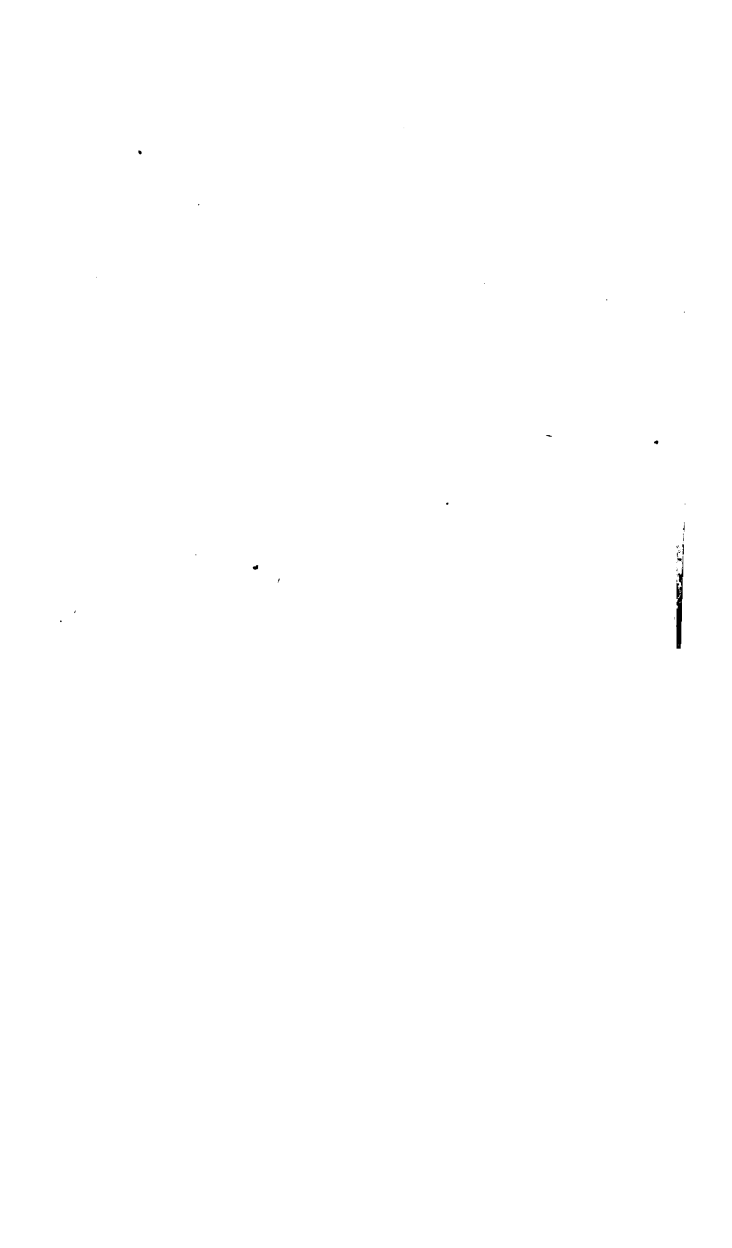
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